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"Kitty, beautiful and young" is a fascinating figure: Prior, Gay, Pope, Swift, were her worshippers; her humours make a charming diversion in "the artificial century." There must have been something very winsome and pleasantly provoking about her Grace: something very generous and upright about her husband, Thomson's "worthy Queensberry," who "yet laments his Gay." Thackeray has hit off excellently Gay's lazy life at Amesbury, under this ducal patronage:

> "With these kind lordly folks, a real Duke and Duchess, as delightful as those who harboured Don Quixote, and loved that dear old Sancho, Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken, and his saucer of cream, and frisked, and barked, and wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended."

"How comes it," asked Pope, "that providence has been so unkind to me (who am a greater object of compassion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Duchess of Queensberry? That I am condemned to live by a highway side, like an old Patriarch receiving all guests, where my Portico (as Virgil has it) *Mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam*, while you are wrapt into the Idalian groves, sprinkled with rose-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry? That I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windsor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchess of Queensberry?"

Swift's correspondence with the duchess and with Gay, as Mr. Dobson observes, has been variously judged; I must own to finding it delightful. All Swift's envious and savage contempt, his mock humility, condescending playfulness, and rare strokes of true tenderness, are in his letters to the great lady, whom he has not seen since she was five years old. There are few pleasanter things in fiction than Smollett's bringing Mr. Matthew Bramble and his companions to Drumlanrig, the Queensberry seat in Scotland, which "puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra." The duke was all courtesy; "the duchess was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection." Prior's "Kitty" entertaining Mrs. Tabitha Bramble! "She died in Savile Row in 1777, of a surfeit of cherries, and was buried at Durrisdeer": a name which takes us away from Smollett and Humphry Clinker to Mr. Stevenson and the Master of Ballantrae.

Spence is our next figure. "An extreme poor creature," says the courteous Warburton, to whom the gentle, amiable scholar must have been very contemptible. It is Pope, of course, who has kept Spence alive, because it is Spence who has made Pope so living. But the *Anecdotes* are full of other interests, and their bibliography is a curious piece of history. Singer's edition was published in 1820, upon the same day as Malone's; but my own copy was presented by Singer to "The Right Honourable Sir George Campbell" upon August 15, 1819, which seems to show that "advance copies" were in existence very early, the title page being dated 1820, and the preface December, 1819. As Johnson has somewhat extinguished Boswell, so Pope has extinguished Spence, who deserves, perhaps, a little more attention than he has commonly received. Every one of his greater critics has been severe upon him:

> "At Captain M'Lean's I mentioned Pope's friend, Spence. *Johnson:* He was a weak conceited man. *Boswell:* A good scholar, Sir? *Johnson:* Why, no, Sir. *Boswell:* He was a pretty scholar. *Johnson:* You have about reached him."

Gray echoes Johnson:

> "I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book. . . . If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *frinds* one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tales of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in

natiur for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance."

And he criticises the *Polymetis* very much in the tone of Lessing, whose references to it in the *Laocoon* are very frequent. Lessing ascribes to him "much classical erudition," and "a very trustworthy acquaintance with the latest works of ancient art"; but he maintains that "to every reader of taste his book must be absolutely intolerable." Spence took up the precisely opposite method in criticism to that of Lessing; and it is true, as Mr. Dobson observes, that Lemprière superseded him. Spence would be glad to think that his successor was also a Wykehamist. For *vir doctissimus Josephus Spence*, as another fellow Wykehamist, Lowth, termed him, "Dear Jo," as most of his correspondents called him, "Dear Spanco," as young Lord Middlesex addressed him, was a very patriotic Wykehamist, and one of an interesting little group of literary Wykehamists: Young, Pitt, Spence, the laureate Whitehead, Lowth, "Muscipula" Holdsworth, Theophilus Cibber the actor, brother of Colley; that most attractive youth, Harrison, whose early death was bitterly lamented by Swift; Joseph Warton, Collins, and others. The earlier of these were patronised by Bubb Dodington, and, like Thomson and Voltaire, knew well "the pure Dorsetian downs" at Eastbury. They resemble, in many ways, the quadruple alliance of Etonians: Gray, Walpole, West, and Ashton. Surely Mr. Dobson is incorrect in saying that Pitt translated Homer? His translation of Virgil is fairly well known, and not without its merits. In his fastidious tastes, Italian culture, gentle humour and grace, Spence seems to me a Gray without Gray's genius: a kindly soul, who passed his days in benevolence, helping the Queen's thresher poet and librarian of the grotto, Stephen Duck; assisting Thomson; charitable towards the blind poet and scholar, Dr. Blacklock; and, as Swift "charitably sneers," in "fondling an old mother—in imitation of Pope!" At least, we are greatly in his debt for those solemn and tragic pages, in which he tells us of Pope's wasting away to death, while Bolingbroke bursts into tears, accuses Heaven, and cries out many times: "O great God! what is man?"

Captain Coram's Charity, otherwise the Foundling Hospital, is treated by Mr. Dobson very genially. The old seaman's pleasant memory deserved this tribute. The place is redolent of famous recollections: of Handel and of Hogarth, above all. That irascible little artist writes:

"The portrait I painted with the most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital; and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange, that this, which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years' competition, and be generally thought the best portrait in the place, notwithstanding the first painters in the kingdom exerted all their talents to vie with it."

Mr. Dobson recalls Thackeray's use of the old place in *Vanity Fair*, and his residence hard by; Dickens also has kept up the Captain's memory by his strange creature, Tattycoram, in *Little Dorrit*; while he also lived in the same quaint and quiet old neighbourhood. And did not Mr. Kenwigs desire his defrauded infants to be taken away to the "Fondling"?

I suppose no place in old London is so constantly mentioned in old literature as the Apollo room at the Devil, by Temple Bar: the dramatists revel in allusions to it. But few stranger scenes, even in Ben's roaring days, can have taken place there than that which Mr. Dobson next describes—the coronation of Mrs. Charlotte Lenox by Dr. Johnson, upon the publication of her first novel. The doctor, for inexplicable reasons, held her superior to the Grecian Mrs. Carter, the moral Miss More, and the vivacious Miss Burney. Goldsmith wrote an epilogue to her play, and was curiously asked, so he told Johnson, to hiss the play in honour of Shakspere, whom the lady had treated lightly in her *Shakspere Illustrated*. She is one of his few contemporaries whom Johnson honoured by quotation in the *Dictionary*. Her famous book, *The Female Quixote*, is quite unreadable now, and, spite of Johnson and of Fielding, ought to have been so from the first. But she gave occasion for that inimitable description of the famous revel by the pompous knight, Sir John Hawkins: a revel of tea, coffee, and lemonade upon Johnson's part; the other guests obeyed the "convivial laws" of his early namesake:

"Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle;"

and the injunctions of Drayton in the same place:

"Let not a man drinke, but in draughts profound;
To our God Phoebus let the health go round."

Fielding's *Voyage to Lisbon* is the next piece in this goodly collection: a praise of a most manly, spirited, pathetic, and neglected masterpiece, by the master whom Mr. Henley does well in calling "worthy to dispute the palm with Cervantes and Sir Walter as the heroic man of letters." That humorous and lusty vagrant, Borrow, made the same voyage on his ludicrous mission of spreading "scripture knowledge" in Spain: a mission in which the Protestant archbishop of Dublin has rashly followed him. Upon landing in Lisbon, Borrow exhorts travellers to "repair to the English church and cemetery, Pere-la-chaise in miniature, where, if they be of England, they may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of *Amelia*, the most singular genius which their island ever produced, whose works it has long been the fashion to abuse in public and to read in secret." He quaintly adds: "In the same cemetery rest the mortal remains of Doddridge, another English author of a different stamp, but justly admired and esteemed." Mr. Dobson, indeed, will hardly allow the Journal to be "a literary masterpiece"; yet I can use no other term of a work so enchanting in its fine simplicity and courageous temper.

We pass on to a very different traveller: Jonas Hanway, philanthropist and hater of tea, moralist and patron of the umbrella. A portentous scribbler, and excellent man! His travels, abroad and at home, are only remembered by Johnson's witticisms. Mr. Dobson has not exaggerated the truly repellent character of the latter, the journey from Portsmouth to Kingston: an eight day's journey, says Hawkins, told in two octavo volumes. Mr. Dobson pleasantly describes his purchase of this work in Holborn, a presentation copy to two ladies, embellished with some abominable verse in Hanway's autograph. The only good thing to be said of Hanway's works is that they are perpetually surprising the reader; the titles of Montaigne's Essays are not more delusive. I lately bought, in Holborn also, two volumes of Hanway, with a title-page of sixty-two words; except for a charming frontispiece by Major, the volumes are deadly in their diffuse dulness. Now and then we have delightful references to "the much admired Mr. Dodd," that rascally parson who seems to have preached charity sermons from his cradle to his gallows; or to "Mr. Whitefield at Tottenham Court," whom, with the sect called Methodists, Mr. Hanway does most vehemently revile. He followed, or preceded, Bishop Lavington upon the same theme, and makes the amazing statement that

"in Cromwell's time it is well-known that the *Popish* clergy, disguised as *Reformers*, found their way to our pulpits, and we must not be surprised if the same should happen again amongst the Methodists."

Of which the sober English is, in Newman's words, that Wesley was "the shadow of a Catholic saint." But this wearisome, odd scribbler was a man of most real and practical charity; and Mr. Dobson has dealt kindly with his ways and works.

"A Garret in Gough Square" describes one of the many London homes of Hanway's great antagonist, that champion of tea, whose melancholy disorders, like those of Cowper, may have been increased by his indulgence in "the cups that cheer, but not inebriate," as Cowper sang, "conveying" the phrase from Bishop Berkeley. It is a dignified portrait of the great man's habitation, with touching reverence for his sorrows and cares, with a brave vindication of his literary excellences. Let us hope that Mr. Dobson will do something to dissipate the tiresome superstition, that Johnson's works are a ponderous mass of affected and pedantic verbosity. The flippant persons who are ever prating of the *Rambler's* heavy dulness would be surprised to find, by experiment, how bright and vigorous is the better part of it. But Johnson has worthy champions in this age; to them we may leave him.

Hogarth's "Sigismunda," that tragical piece, is the next subject. And what more can be said than Mr. Dobson has said? He tells all the petty quarrels and misadventures that surround its history. Let me tell one little fact which would have enraptured poor Hogarth. The present writer lately spent a morning at the National Gallery, and came to the "Sigismunda." Two men, of rusty and ragged appearance, stood in front of it. Said one to the other: "We've been through the whole show, and I say it's the best of the lot. Look at the woman's eyes!"

Mr. Dobson's remarks upon *The Citizen of the World* are naturally full of zeal

and of love for the author, whom he has served in so many ways. The suggestion that these incomparable sketches were suggested by Walpole's anonymous Chinese pamphlet seems extremely probable: it is just the kind of hint which Goldsmith's genius so often wanted to set it working. One can scarcely say too much in praise of Goldsmith's essays: they resemble Addison and Steele on this side, Fielding and Dickens on that; yet they have an incommunicable air of distinction wholly their own: a delicacy and simplicity, a natural felicity, which stamp them as original. Goldsmith's exquisite verse, much as it owes to others, has precisely the same quality and distinction: a kind of innocent, pleasant grace and ease and charm, with touching passages of deep sentiment here and there, whilst all is musical and mellow, perfectly finished and wrought out.

Another paper is upon Goldsmith's Library; and it is curious to reflect that Goldsmith, like Racine, as Mr. Dobson notes, or like Browning, as he might have noted, appears to have kept no copies of his own works. The paper upon Gray's Library is a very different record; the dainty Cambridge scholar, the fastidious recluse or delicate worldling, was a born bookman. Mr. Dobson remarks upon his careful collection of MS. music from Italy: in this Gray resembles Milton, who brought home a similar collection. Indeed, Milton "The Lady of Christ's" and "Miss Gray of Peterhouse" are well worth comparing in their Italian travels and studies.

"An Old London Bookseller" is a sketch of Newbery, once a familiar name with children: a shrewd, genial figure of a man, with his eternal Dr. James's Powder, and his childish classics. All the last century children's books are charming and pretty; and even Mrs. Trimmer has at least one masterpiece. Newbery, like Cowper's Johnson, and Pope's Lintot, and Johnson's Cave, is one of the many booksellers who make the old annals of "The Trade" such pleasant reading.

"The New Chesterfield" is, in part, an apology for that elegant and polite writer, who has been the scorn of stern moralists this many a year. Mr. Dobson shows that much of the notorious Letters is excellently moral and true; and he pleads, as only the singer of "a fine old-fashioned grace" could plead, that

"the finished elegance, the watchful urbanity, the perfect ease and self-possession which Fielding commended, and Johnson could not contest, are things too foreign to our restless over-consciousness to be easily intelligible."

It is worth notice that Lord Chatham, in those strangely neglected letters to his nephew, Thomas Pitt, speaks of behaviour, carriage, "deportment," the graces, in the very accents of Chesterfield; and Chatham was no Chesterfield at heart. To such caricatures of exquisite breeding, as the Prince Regent in life or Sir John Chester in literature, we may apply Young's sentiment: "a *Half*-Chesterfield is quite a fool."

Two of Mr. Dobson's remaining vignettes are pieces of reconstructive antiquarianism in his best manner: "A Day at Strawberry Hill" and "Old Vauxhall Gardens." Within the limits of a brief sketch, they could not be improved; all is there—happy quotation, dexterous allusion, positive knowledge: Georgian England revived in two characteristic scenes of public and of private life.

"In Cowper's Arbour" is a graceful portrait of the lighter, brighter Cowper: the "worldling" of Mr. Birrell's recent essay. This is the Cowper whose letters show us the inveterate fish-eater; the jester with Newton, once of the slave trade, now of the Olney Hymns; the facetious and playful Cowper, all sprightliness and airs.

"I am jealous," writes Lamb to Coleridge, "of your fraternising with Bowles, when I think you relish him more than Burns, or my old favourite, Cowper. But you conciliate matters when you talk of the 'divine chit-chat' of the latter: by the expression, I see you thoroughly relish him."

That is the true Cowper: the Cowper who sat in his pleasant arbour polishing *John Gilpin* to perfection, and sending his verses over the way to Mr. Wilson, the barber.

I have scarce left myself space to say anything about the three remaining papers: sympathetic "chit-chat" about Stothard, "The Quaker of Art," about Bewick's Tailpieces, and about the adventures of the young German, Pastor Moritz, in the England of 1782. For the first of these, one is especially grateful; as the happy possessor of that "old double-columned edition of the essayists," praised by Mr. Dobson, I am vastly indebted to the graceful art of Stothard. He has suffered, also, by foolish comparisons with Blake. Upon Bewick Mr. Dobson writes with authority, and further—what does not always accompany authority—with charm and ease. In particular, he well insists upon the moral force of the designs: their grimness of humour, sadness of tone, and perfect nicety of truth. The account of Pastor Moritz, a kind of German Partridge or Strap, is delightful enough; but it is a pity that the scene of the Oxford dons drinking and disputing at the Mitre, the gem of the book, was too long for quotation.

If we go through Golden-square, which is most living to us: Mr. Matthew Bramble or Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Ralph Nickleby or Cardinal Wiseman? That is the sort of question prompted by this book; it is so full of the rich life of all literature and so full of actual life also. The books and the men of the past are as real, or as unreal, as each other; it is Mr. Dobson's fortunate office to bring them out of the dust and ashes back to life. His is not a great book, a masterpiece of learning, of criticism, of history; but it is a masterpiece of cunning craftsmanship. To design and compose these Vignettes, with artful touches of love's labour, is no light thing; one must be something of a Goldsmith, something of a Lamb, to do it. Mr. Dobson's verse is, indeed, of a finer quality: yet I find it hard to say, without foolish airs of enthusiasm, how good is this book of prose.

Lionel Johnson.

The Memories of Dean Hole. (Arnold.)

Family mottoes are generally matters of assumption. Are we wrong in surmising that Dean Hole himself made choice of that which, with his armorial bearings, is stamped on the cover of this entertaining book? For, "Froena vel aurea nolo" may be liberally interpreted to mean "Even a deanery does not prevent me from talking as I please"; and this describes, accurately enough, the course which the genial author has pursued. To a large extent, his "Memories" are of artists and archers, of cricketers, sportsmen, gamblers, and (of course) gardeners; and the stories about those classes who lie outside his own vocation—as well as about those within it—are told with a freedom that is unusual in a church dignitary. Deans, however, are privileged folk. Were it otherwise, and were Dr. Hole a less large-minded and tolerant humourist than he is, one might feel disposed to crave a little more reserve than he sometimes exhibits. Such a phrase as "our comic ecclesiastical history"—though its meaning be perfectly innocent—scarcely suits the lips of one who occupies a prominent place in the Church, and who, we are well assured, has the deepest reverence for its orders and organisation.

But, we must confess, the Dean's book is much more easy to read than to criticise. What can one do for an author who, from a well-stocked and retentive memory, brings out treasures, new and old, for our gratification? To quote his best stories, or to seek to "cap" them, would be an ungracious act, and, moreover, an extremely difficult one. If among them we find some old familiar friends, we have to bear in mind that the Dean himself was on intimate terms with John Leech, and, through him, an occasional contributor to *Punch*. Nay, more; he dined once at the "hebdomadal board" in Bouverie Street, and was made an honorary member of the mess.

About John Leech, the kindest-hearted of caricaturists, he has a good deal to say. No artist had ever more enjoyment of his art than he. Sometimes he would work with marvellous rapidity and finish three drawings on wood between breakfast and luncheon. He was always on the look out for subjects, and though he often found them in the hunting field, he was too cautious a rider to emulate the wonderful feats he depicted. His end came very suddenly.

"On the day before his death he had promised, and had commenced, a drawing for *Punch*. On the morning of that day he said to his wife, who in her widowhood repeated his words to me, 'Please God, Annie, I will make a fortune yet.' Messrs. Agnew had offered him £1000 for four original pictures. He proposed to give up his work for *Punch*, which overtaxed his strength, and to take a house in the country. But 'God's finger touched him, and he slept.' A sudden spasm, *angina pectoris*, and that noble heart was still. That right hand, cold and white as marble, could give and bless no more. His last words were, 'I am going.'"

In contrast with this was the last scene of Tom Hood's life. Weak and emaciated in body, he lay expecting the summons. But the old bright spirit was strong within him,

and, pointing to some pungent plasters which the doctor had put on his chest, sighed, "Ah, Leech, so much mustard and so very little beef."

The Dean, except in the hunting-field, does not seem to have handled the brush, but at an early age the pen was in his hand. His first tragedy was written at the age of eight, his first poem at ten, his last sermon, it would seem, at forty or thereabouts. Only twice in twenty years, since he discarded his MS., have words failed him, and then not from want of faith, but want of food or strength. He quotes with approval what the Scotch elder said to the minister.

"The minister made a very free use of notes in the pulpit, and the congregation did not approve. They decided to expostulate, and sent a deputation. He heard their remonstrance, and he informed his visitors, somewhat rudely, that his memory required assistance, and that he intended to use it. 'Weel, then, minister,' said the chief of the legation, 'if ye sae soon forget your own sarmons, ye'll nae blame us if we follow your lead.'"

Of ecclesiastics in his own church, the Dean's memories go back to bygone days—days of pluralities and non-residence—when rectors did as little as decency compelled, and that but once in the week, and a clergyman would devote himself to the pursuit of the fox, which, it is charitable to suppose, he mistook for a wolf, and, like a good shepherd, was anxious to destroy. Not that the Dean would exclude the clergy from all part in field sports. Anything to make and keep them manly is permissible (for is he not able to cite an instance where a miner was converted by a curate's hit to square leg?) and, though times are changed, the Dean would still sanction a hard-working parish priest having a day's hunting on one immutable condition—that he shall ride straight to hounds.

The Dean's memories of what he did when, for the first time, he became possessed of a gun will recall like memories in many of his readers. In other sports, he says, experience adds to enjoyment:

"But in shooting there is no joy to compare with the first partridge, pheasant, woodcock, blackcock, grouse, mallard, snipe, or running game. . . . What shall we compare with the eager, intense felicity of boyhood, wandering about the woodlands on a summer's eve, creeping, gun in hand, to the corner of the covert whence the rabbits come forth to graze, and intercepting one of them ere he can reach his refuge?"

It is easy to see that in these reminiscences the Dean feels the keenest pleasure. He wears the gaiters still, it is true, but they are of the wrong colour, and the apron—dignified and distinctive though it be—is a sorry substitute for the old shot belt that encumbered but could not retard the activity of youth.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

The Church in Spain. By Frederick Meyrick. (Wells Gardner & Co.)

WE should have little but praise to give to this history of the Church in Spain, by Canon Meyrick, had the last pages been equal to those preceding them. Its want of proportion is glaring. The volume consists of 450 pages, including index. Gothic and Moorish Spain extend to p. 372. Less than eighty pages are given to the history of the Church in Spain from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella to the present day; and even this short space is curtailed by a needless excursion into the history of Portugal. It would have been far better to have dedicated this volume to the history of the Church of Spain in Roman, Gothic, and Moorish times, say to the advent of the Austrian dynasty, and to have left the more modern Church of Spain for another volume.

Consider for a moment what is necessarily omitted in thus forcing all this later history into four-score pages. The position of Charles V. in Europe with regard to the Protestants is hardly noticed; yet it is this, with the fatal legacy left to Spain by the success of the Moorish wars, the acting as champion of Christendom against the unbeliever and the heretic, which occasioned the greater part of her subsequent misfortunes. It is this legacy, to champion orthodoxy, to crush out heresy, which Phillip II. inherited from his father: the office to which both he and Spain were all unequal, but the duties of which, as he understood them, he strove unswervingly to fulfil. Two men in prominent positions in that age lived almost perfectly up to their own ideal. Each has thereby earned for himself the undying hatred of the other half of European Christendom. These two were Calvin at Geneva, Philip II. in Spain. Nothing made Philip swerve from his purpose: neither ambition, nor conquest, nor riches, nor affection. He trampled on the liberties of peoples; he neglected the possessions of half a world. The loss of provinces, of fleets, the sacrifice of his son, of his money, of his time, of his pleasures—all were given without grudging to this. He would not even lend his influence in papal conclave to the choice of a Pope favourable to him politically, but of whose orthodoxy he was not assured. All others quailed at times; in the frightful disasters, the slow decadence which fell upon the country, the faith of Spanish Churchmen, as Ribadaneira tells us pathetically in his *Tratado de la Tribulacion*, might be sorely tried. But Philip never shrank; he did not even abdicate, as his father did, when all went against him, but died as he had lived, toiling in the same cause to the last, in the meagre cell which he had prepared for himself in his convent palace. Besides this almost dramatic action of Philip II. in Europe, there is the conduct of the Spanish bishops in the Council of Trent, where, according to Vargas, they stoutly upheld the rights of the collective episcopate against papal absolutism and infallibility. There is the history of the foundation of the Spanish Church in the Americas and in the East. Then at home there is the history of regalism, and the strange, fitful hankering after a more national Church, aspirations which did not entirely cease until the present century, when they were destroyed, as in France, by the school of radical ultramontanism, of which Lamennais was the precursor. To the history of the Inquisition some attention is given; but there is nothing on the strange episode of Maria de Agreda, the *Ciudad Mystica*, and her correspondence with Philip IV. The true story of the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, and of the means whereby Carlos III., one of the most superstitious and morbidly conscientious of Spanish sovereigns, was induced to sanction such an act, have never yet been told. The narrative of the changes made in the constitution of the Church in Spain in 1812, 1835, and 1851 would alone more than fill the space which Canon Meyrick has given to the whole period; and these omissions seem to call loudly for a second volume.

But to recur to what our author has done, and done well. It would be difficult to tell the stories of the old Martyrologies better than is done here. It has evidently been a labour of love on the part of the writer. He has felt all the charm, and all the unconscious poetry of these *Acta Sanctorum*, which held the place in mediaeval literature that novels do now, and with far deeper effect on the reader or the hearer. He has well brought out the consistency of Spanish character, as it is delineated in these histories, whether of Roman, or of Gothic, or of Moorish times, with that of the Spaniards of the Inquisition, and of to-day. At times, of course, where so much is still doubtful, we find Canon Meyrick taking a different view from that which we should take. He knows and follows many of the best, but misses some of the latest, authorities. Like most other historians, in our opinion, he exaggerates the power of the Goths; instead of speaking of the Gothic Church absorbing the Catholic, we should speak of Spaniards and of Catholics absorbing the Goths, as the English did the Normans. He does not remark the changing influence of Moorish civilisation on Spanish, beneficial at first, then wholly the reverse. We never feel certain that the Isidorian or Muzarabic Liturgy was identical with that of Northern Spain before the introduction of the Benedictine rule. The alleged counter-miracle which helped on the introduction of the Roman rite into Toledo is not mentioned. Our author speaks of the condemnation of the writings of Erasmus by the Inquisition, but does not tell of the singular vacillation on this point. The noble charities of Spain, the earliest of their kind in Europe, are left unnoticed. Cardinal Ximenes is likened to Isidore of Seville, and to Julian of Toledo; but a truer parallel would be between him and Cardinal Wolsey, or Richelieu. He was certainly the minister who consolidated despotism in Spain, and he did his work so well that there was no need of a successor. After him the monarchs, if they chose, might govern alone; they might have secretaries and favourites, but had no need of ministers.

These are all, perhaps, matters of opinion. Canon Meyrick's work is really well done; only he has made the mistake of treating one half of his subject as if it were the whole.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

Far Cathay and Farther India. By Major-General A. Ruxton MacMahon. (Hurst & Blackett.)

GEN. MACMAHON was for some years Political Resident at the Court of the King of Burma, the father of the monarch deposed by Lord Dufferin. It is probable that twenty years ago few Englishmen possessed a wider knowledge of the then independent country of Upper Burma, or could speak with more authority about the Lord of the Golden Foot, "Crocodile of Chrysolite," who ruled in barbaric state at Mandalay, about his ministers and councils, and about the various races of Farther India, who were more or less subject to his sway. Gen. MacMahon's work on the Karens is well-known to all who are interested in the history and geography of the Burmese empire. The present volume is more fragmentary and less original. Some chapters are avowedly based on the writings of officials of a younger generation, who know Upper Burma as a British province. Elsewhere, the author relies on his own experience, dating from the days before the conquest. Portions of the book, again, have already appeared in the magazines and reviews; in others we have observations never before put on record. It may be said at once that for Gen. MacMahon to have written a dull or useless work on anything connected with Burma would have been impossible. He saw so much of the Burmese, and under conditions which can never recur, while at the same time he has set down what he saw with such intelligent interest, that the reader who finds no entertainment or instruction in the volume must be dull himself. It would be mere idleness, moreover, to complain of the want of an index and a map.

On the other hand, one may venture to suggest that the author's opinions are not infrequently expressed in a way that leaves room for argument. He frankly criticises the policy, both of the Indian Government and of the local administration, in regard to Burma. Thus we read of inexcusable want of foresight; of the shameful neglect of the English to fulfil their promises—this in regard to the Singphos. We are told that the policy of the Government of India, though paved with the best intentions, was for many years cursed with a moral obliquity of vision which saw no harm in depriving Lower Burma of its surplus revenue. As regards Upper Burma the author speaks of over zealous efforts to stamp out dacoity by shooting and flogging men and burning villages. Nor is Gen. MacMahon content with denouncing the Government he served for its misdealings with the Burmese. An unbending policy of non-interference, he says, with the religions of the people of India has, to the lasting and ineffable reproach of the British Government, entailed intolerable misery and humiliation on many millions of Hindu women. Shameful perfidy, moral obliquity, inhumanity, abiding disgrace—these are rather strong indictments when launched by an officer who has filled high and responsible posts under the Government which he invites all just and honourable men to execrate; and to say the least, they are indictments which are unwarrantable unless they are plainly stated and proved up to the hilt. Yet one cannot always find either abundance of proof or lucidity of statement. Surely there is much to be said both against and for interference with the marriage customs of Hindustan. What proof is there for the statement that

"Over zealous efforts to stamp out dacoity by shooting and flogging men and burning villages, coupled with a want of readiness to pardon offenders who repented of the evil of their ways, hardened men of this stamp and aggravated the difficulty."

Gen. Sir George White, whose sincerity and sound judgment can no more be questioned than his gallantry in the field, was in command of the troops in Upper Burma after the annexation. In a published despatch he writes:—

"I have been three and a half years in Upper Burma, in a position to know the many and great difficulties against which the Chief Commissioner has had to contend, and to appreciate the unremitting labour and consideration for the true interests of the people which have characterised every measure introduced by him to meet these difficulties; and I cannot close this paper without expressing the regret with which I have observed the systematic misrepresentation which nearly every act of the local administration has undergone at the hands of a section of the local press."

When Gen. MacMahon speaks of the British authorities as "living in a fool's paradise" and otherwise neglecting their duties, does he base his insinuation on trustworthy intelligence or on press telegrams? Living in London, it is possible that he may command better sources of information than Sir George White had access to; but the reader is entitled to know what these sources were.

To question Gen. MacMahon's authority on points of ancient history may appear still more audacious; but his account of the early connexion between India and China might be supplemented. After saying that from very remote times embassies frequently passed between the two countries, the author goes on to tell us that "the first embassy on record is in the middle of the seventh century, A.D." According to Mr. Beal, "the first authentic communication of China with India took place" about 130 B.C., when a Chinese ambassador was sent to the Yue-chi. Later on, about 60 A.D., a Chinese mission reached Magadha. However, this is not a matter of moment; and something remains to be said on a subject more closely connected with the politics of the day. Gen. MacMahon writes:

"Single handed, we can easily beat the French in the little game of diplomacy lately played in India beyond the Ganges; and in alliance with China we can checkmate Russia in the big game"

—that is, in Central Asia. A belief in the value of an Anglo-Chinese alliance against Russian aggression towards India is no doubt entertained by some exponents of Asiatic politics; but it will not bear scrutiny. Even if the Chinese are willing to help us, they could not do so unless they held a strong military position in Eastern Turkestan. The evidence of Col. Mark Bell and Capt. Younghusband, to say nothing of facts which are obvious on the map, completely upsets any calculation of this kind. Were China to make common cause with us against Russia, she would lose Kashgaria; and thereby yet another state separating the dominions of England and Russia in Central Asia would be obliterated. Then as to the French. In the author's opinion, they have now lost all their chances in Indo-China.

"The judicious policy of the British Government in dealing with the Shan States, combined with the tendency of Siam to seek the protection of England in the event of her being coerced in any way by her Gallic neighbours, have [*sic*] doubtless ere now convinced the French that there is little probability of their dreams being realised."

The French have made more progress and stand on a firmer footing than the author would allow. It is true they cannot be a real danger to us, in a military sense, in this quarter; but they can, and possibly will, close a large commercial field which might otherwise remain open to the British trader. Nor, while it is certain that Siam, unaided, is impotent to resist French aggression, can it be said that the Siamese could safely rely at the present moment on the assistance of Great Britain.

Some admirable observations on trade routes and railway schemes for Indo-China will be found in the concluding chapter of the book. They may be specially commended to the notice of people who would incite the Indian Government to undertake or countenance projects for railways from British Burma to Chinese Yunnan, which, as the author argues, could only be carried out at an immense cost, and would be of little use when constructed. Nor will the reader overlook the remarks on the results of State education in Burma, where our system of public instruction, according to Gen. MacMahon, has done more harm than good. Here again, however, we do not find either a statement of official views or a refutation thereof based on ascertained facts. Every year official reports are published showing that public instruction makes fair progress in Burma; something more is needed than the opinion of a writer who left the province years ago to prove that this progress is deceptive.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

"GREAT FRENCH WRITERS." — *Adolphe Thiers.* By P. de Rémusat. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. (Fisher Unwin.)

IT is always a little dangerous to prophesy. Writing early in the sixties, M. Scherer anticipated that posterity would forget Thiers as a statesman, and think of him only as the historian of the Consulate and the Empire; and, notwithstanding Thiers' earlier achievements in the field of politics, this might possibly have proved to be right if his political career had come to an end in 1862. But in 1863 he stepped forward into the arena again as the opponent of the Empire; and it is as the man to whom France turned, not in vain, during some of the very darkest hours in her history that one mainly thinks of him now. The writer has, in turn, paled a little beside the statesman, who first tried heroically to avert the

war with Prussia, and then, "when all was done that man could do," conducted the difficult negotiations for the evacuation of the French territory, quelled the hideous insurrection of the Commune, and restored to France her confidence in herself.

Moreover, though it is as one of "the great French writers" that Thiers figures in the excellent series to which this volume belongs, yet evidently the more purely literary aspect of his career has not had the strongest attraction for his present biographer. And this can readily be understood. For M. de Rémusat, unlike his distinguished father, is better known as a politician than as an author, and his relations with Thiers—it will be remembered that he accompanied the latter during his sad diplomatic wanderings in 1870—were mainly political. Accordingly, in this volume we have a sketch, executed by a hand at once perfectly competent and sympathetic, of the great man's politics—his hostile attitude towards the government of the Restoration, his position during the reign of the Citizen King and the Republic of 1848, his opposition to the Empire, his brief but most beneficent exercise of supreme power, and his not inglorious fall. The career so sketched was certainly not without faults. M. de Rémusat, whose grandfather served the First Empire, and whose father served Louis-Philippe, is scarcely just to the Restoration. It is at least open to question whether the root-and-branch hostility of the Liberals—Thiers among them—was altogether wise. Be that as it may, Thiers clearly did not recognise during the next reign how little Louis-Philippe's government could bear even a constitutional opposition. Then, again, his adulation of the first Napoleon's memory must be accounted a grievous error. Nor, in his fear of anarchy, did he wake sufficiently soon to Napoleon III.'s sinister designs upon the liberties of France. But if these were faults, they were more than amply redeemed by splendid services; and it is due to him—perhaps more than to any other man except Gambetta—that France has now, at last, found what may seem to be a settled form of government.

As a writer, there is much to be said about him too. M. de Goncourt observes, in his notes on men and things, that a great writer is to be known by his use of "rare"—that is original, striking, graphic—epithets. Judged by such a standard, Thiers is simply "nowhere." It may be doubted whether there is one "rare" epithet in all the many volumes of his Histories of the French Revolution and of the Consulate and the Empire. But in default of such artifices—or, if you will have it so, graces—of language, there are in those Histories literary beauties of passing excellence. The general arrangement is well ordered and most symmetrical. Complicated as are the events described, the narrative invariably keeps a perfect lucidity. The interest scarcely ever flags, even when matters usually held for dry, such as administration and finance, are in debate. Nor—and here I touch on the question of pure style—is there any attempt to keep the reader's attention by rhetoric or declamation. The language remains always easy, measured, simple, of the most transparent clearness, and not without point and a kind of manly elegance. It is the language, in short, of the old French classical tradition.

No doubt a flaw may be found here and there. Thiers was not an "impeccable master." In those many volumes of his there are, as M. de Rémusat says, and others have said before him, passages in which the style is so easy as to pass beyond the confines of carelessness, the thought so clear as to become commonplace. A writer is seldom an orator with impunity, for the two arts are in many ways distinct; and Thiers, though, curiously enough, he failed like Disraeli in his maiden speech, was one of the greatest political orators of this century, having at command gifts of the rarest kind: a matchless lucidity in exposition, and a singular dexterity in debate. That he occasionally carried his oratorical methods into his books, is not therefore to be wondered at. He did not, however, at all do so habitually; and his books compare, in this respect, very favourably with those of his great rival Guizot, who almost always wrote as if he were making a speech.

With Thiers the man we scarcely make any very near acquaintance in the present biography. M. de Rémusat probably wished to avoid what the French call "reportage"—all the anecdotes, gossip, small personalities that dog, as it were, a great man's fame. And for this M. de Rémusat is to be thanked. Yet I cannot but think that, in his laudable desire to focus our attention on Thiers' public career, he has somewhat neglected to show us the real inner Thiers, and omitted to record facts of legitimate interest in his life. Thiers the statesman is painted for us here in good strong colours; Thiers the orator and writer, in fainter hues; Thiers the art lover and collector, scarcely even in outline: and Thiers the man, only at most in *grisaille*.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

NEW NOVELS.

Helen Treveryan. By John Roy. In 3 vols. (Macmillans.)

God's Fool. By Maarten Maartens. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Tangled Webb. By Lady Lindsay. In 2 vols. (A. & C. Black.)

The Last Touches. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (A. & C. Black.)

Infelix: a Society Story. By Lady Duntze. (Ward & Downey.)

Pierre and his People. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

Young Lucretia. By Mary Wilkins. (Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.)

THE author of *Helen Treveryan* reveals himself pretty soon to the wideawake reader as a member of one or other of the Indian services, though we should dissuade any laborious enquirer after personal facts from endeavouring to hunt up the name of John Roy among soldiers, or "politicals," or civilians of any kind. The note, however, is given not merely by the presence of knowledge on every page, but by two slight undernotes of complaint which are very common on Indian official lips—neither, we fear, without provocation, though we trust that both are a little exaggerated. Mr. "John Roy" has drawn a decidedly *sanglant* (Dryden used the English word in the same sense, but we are too mealy-mouthed for that now) portrait of Mr. Pitt Wright, the young Englishman of fortune who comes out to India with official and other recommendations, and quarters himself upon everybody, from the Viceroy downwards, as coolly as if he were a conqueror, and in an enemy's country; manifesting not the slightest gratitude to his hosts, and something less than the slightest courtesy to his hostesses. We hope the picture is exaggerated; but we must confess that there is a very remarkable consensus of testimony the other way among Anglo-Indians, some of whom at least are very far removed from any taint of inhospitality or churlishness. As for the second, the older, complaint of the way in which Englishmen at home neglect the interests and the affairs of India, that is natural: it is rather too well founded, but it certainly *is* exaggerated. Our countrymen in the Land of Regrets are too apt to forget that we neglect and forget *all* English interests (including home ones) by turns. However, these things have little to do with the merits of *Helen Treveryan* as a novel. These merits are considerable. The painting of manners is always bright and lively; the characters are well defined; the sketch of the cooping up of General Roberts's force at Cabul is first-rate, and many of the fighting passages in the same part of the book are not inferior. Mr. Pitt Wright (though, as we have said, we hope a *charge*) is a very clever *charge* of a very disgusting and too common kind of cub. But Mr. Roy has, from inexperience doubtless, fallen into two errors which a critic could have warned him of. He has carried on the time of his story too long. He has anticipated the birth of his heroine; and, after making her marry hero number one (a very good fellow), without any apparent disillusion or disappointment, he has conducted her leisurely into the arms of hero number two (who, be it said in passing, is rather too much of a prig. Both these things have no doubt been done by great novelists; but they are dangerous things to do and best avoided by the novice.

The last book of the very clever author of *The Sin of Joost Avelingh* is worthy of his reputation for cleverness and for writing attractive, and scarcely in the least exotic, English. It is unworthy of him, we think, in a certain want of compression and in the violent involution and contortion of the plot. To begin a book with an elaborate intimation of a certain murder, then to jump back for a generation or thereabouts and to tell the story in a sufficiently leisurely manner for three volumes, at only the end of which is the murder actually committed and explained, is one of those "studio tricks" which have often been fashionable, and have sometimes succeeded in all arts, but which in no art can be pronounced very good. Moreover, it seems to us that the filling is too voluminous—that ingeniously

observed and well written as the story is, there is not enough real matter in it for three volumes, perhaps barely enough for two. However, that may be very much a matter of opinion. There is no doubt about the effectiveness of the finale—the self-sacrifice of "God's Fool" who, in consequence of an accident in childhood, has suffered from brain affections that have ended in blindness and a form of mental incapacity, which is not adjudged to be incapacity of managing affairs. So that he remains the senior partner and nominal head of a vast business, which is entirely in the hands of his brothers. It would in the case of this kind of book be wrong to hint what this finale is, or the precise nature of the relations between the two brothers, Hendrik and Hubert. These things are well managed; but the chief merit of the book is to be found in the careful and successful portraiture of the *bourgeois* life of "Koopstad," and especially the character of Cornelia, Hendrik's wife. These various excellences indeed may, to some people, atone for the faults noted above; and certainly on any estimate the book is not commonplace.

The idea of Lady Lindsay's *A Tangled Web* has enough both of ingenuity and of audacity. It starts from one of those wonderful advertisements which we have all seen, and in which "a lady of title" offers to introduce unchaperoned young ladies (common for choice) into "the best society" for a consideration. The oddity lies in selecting for the purpose a young woman who has a perfect right to enter the best society herself. "Lady Griselda" is a Scottish heiress, who seems to be left in a state of friendlessness and relationlessness rather strange anywhere in a lass with both tocher and pedigree, and nowhere more strange than in Scotland. She is so set upon going *au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau*, that she determines to submit herself to the chaperoning of the advertising Lady Bingham as plain Marjorie Smith, of Australia, overcoming the objections of her factor, and of "Gallikins," an affectionate companion. Of course she comes in contact with the very people she wishes to avoid—some English relations of her mother's—and of course she falls in love with one of them; but the reader may be left to find out all about that. For the rest, the thing is sufficiently agreeable, though the manners of Wilfrid Aveling, the lover, seem to leave to desire, and the position of the heroine, Marjorie or Grisell, is distinctly false. But there are periods in which manners often leave to desire, and positions are frequently false.

It was a good notion of Mrs. Clifford's to issue, shortly after the decided and deserved success of *Aunt Anne*, a collection of shorter stories. The dates of their original appearances are not, we think, given; but it is pretty certain that they represent an intermediate stage of craftswomanship between *Mrs. Keith's Crime* and the later novel, and they certainly also show an advance therein. The opening and title story—which tells how a wily English woman by utilising her natural advantages, succeeded in prevailing on a ferocious French painter, whom she had attracted and rejected in earlier days, to soften a ferociously true portrait of her which he had been induced by money to paint after he became famous—is very clever; and the same quality rarely fails in the other contents of the volume. Mrs. Clifford may also be congratulated on having abandoned for the most part the typographical and other tricks which marred *Mrs. Keith's Crime*. It is always wise, when you have power, as Mrs. Clifford has, to leave it to itself. "That will be better for it," as was said of old. If with power you can conjoin charm, then you do the greatest things. We are not so certain that Mrs. Clifford has yet mastered this conjunction; but there are so many who are unable to give us either one or the other!

Of such is Lady Duntze. A person who calls his or her book "a society novel," may be said to provoke *à outrance* any critic of fairly decent taste. For our part, in such cases we make immense allowances. If the offender can be saved, even so as by fire, the almost inconceivably low standard of comparison which he or she invites is always present with us. "I do not write English," the title pleads; "I cater only for the vulgar; please be lenient with me." We shall be as lenient as we can. Lady Duntze's heroine, who has a rather stupid but sufficiently amiable and sufficiently affectionate husband, "takes up with" a most appalling sweep, and being a fool as well as not much better than she should be, poisons herself instead of playing the game through. Thus she fails from the only three conceivable standpoints. "Why did you love anybody but your husband?" says Morality. "Why did you adopt French customs *à demi?*" says Cynicism. "Why couldn't you wait for a gentleman?" says Taste. And Jetta Carew is cast in all the three trials.

The stories contained in *Pierre and his People* are interesting, and the book is not commonplace. It deals with the Hudson's Bay country—as one is still inclined to call it, notwithstanding the mediatising of the great company—the country of *habitants* and *voyageurs*, of French and Indian half castes, of Irish and Scotch exiles, of English emigrants and travellers, all subjected to an English-American constitution and administration, and to a curious blending (such as hardly exists anywhere now in the United States themselves) of Eastern civilisation and Western savagery of scene. We are not quite sure that in any single instance Mr. Parker has got the story-interest or the story-machinery quite right. He does not seem able to tell a tale; but he has done what is, perhaps, rarer—he has given the atmosphere of an unfamiliar state of life.

We are afraid that Mr. James Payn, who the other day proclaimed his dislike of *The Wide, Wide World*, would not like *Young Lucretia*. You cannot please everybody; and there are people, we are told, who think *Gil Blas* overrated. *The Wide, Wide World* is not quite so good as *Gil Blas*; but it has its merits, and those who can perceive them will perceive the merits (especially as they lie in much smaller compass) of *Young Lucretia* and her companion tales. We like them. They have the virtue which is wanting in so much contemporary American work—they represent the natural actions and thoughts of natural people, not the actions and thoughts, or abstinences from action and thought, of people who have been educated, who have come to the conclusion that there is English literature, French literature, and what not, and who want to go one or a dozen better. We make our compliment to Miss or Mrs. Mary Wilkins, and shall be glad to read another book of hers.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

GIFT BOOKS.

The Girls and I: A Veracious History. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by L. Leslie Brooke. (Macmillans.) As last year, so again now, Mrs. Molesworth has chosen to keep to her older and better style, with which she first won fame in *Carrots*. And, for our own part, we hope that she will never again admit into her stories for and about children the disturbing element of the supernatural. "I" is a little boy, the only brother of four sisters, who is inevitably attuned somewhat to the feminine temperaments that surround him and make up his life; for the father is pushed into the background—as is the way with modern fathers—and the grandfather is yet more shadowy. The experienced art of the authoress is well shown in her portrayal of the mixed motives of this boy, who gives us some months of his autobiography. The incidents are of a commonplace kind, though we are introduced to one or two aristocratic personages; and the whole story is very simple and (in the true sense) realistic. There is, of course, something of a mystery, and a few strange coincidences; but without these not even Mrs. Molesworth's skill would be able surely to hold the attention of young readers. As to the illustrations, whether Mr. Leslie Brooke has improved, or whether we have become more familiar with him, we know not; but we will say that he has reconciled us to Mr. Walter Crane's retirement from the long partnership. The boy is always admirable, particularly on the title-page.

Gil the Gunner: or, The Youngest Officer in the East. By George Manville Fenn. Illustrated by W. H. Overend (S.P.C.K.). To those who remember the Mutiny and the passions it aroused, it will seem a bold thing on the part of Mr. Manville Fenn to have taken for his hero, or one of his heroes, a ringleader of the revolt. According to the historical facts, not a single native chief—except, perhaps, the Amazon Rani of Jhansi—affords material for this sort of romantic treatment. But we dare say that our author knows his public; and that the present generation of English boys, not born of Anglo-Indian stock, are ready to believe in an Indian Saladin. The nominal hero of the book is a lad, fresh from home, who is appointed to a battery of Bengal Horse Artillery *circa* 1856. The gunners, of course, were Europeans; but when the sepoys in the same cantonment rose, they managed to carry off the guns with their horses. The helpless indignation of the dismounted gunners, and the clever stratagem by which they recovered their guns and horses, forms the most effective scene in the story. The hero gets severely wounded, and is taken prisoner by the mutineers. Indeed, he owes his life to their Raja—a Muhammadan, by the way—who turns out to be none other than a regimental syce whom he has always befriended. All this

part seems to us improbable and long drawn out. But at the end we are treated to some good fighting; while the hero is ultimately rescued from a position that is both physically and morally awkward. We have read better books by Mr. Manville Fenn.

Fifty-two Other Stories for Boys. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. (Hutchinson.) *Fifty-two Other Stories for Girls.* (Same Editor and Publishers.) *Fifty-two Fairy Tales.* (Same Editor and Publishers.) If among the children of to-day the instinct of gratitude has not been dulled by the extravagance of benefaction, Mr. Miles must surely be as dear to them as were the delightful Peter Parley, and the genial Old Humphrey to their fathers and mothers. His new stories for boys and girls are, we think, if possible, even better than their predecessors, though we are well aware that this is a verdict which to those who only know the predecessors must seem ridiculously extravagant. To boys and girls who take this view, and who are sufficiently alive to their own interests to read the "Gift Book" column of the ACADEMY, we would simply say: "Persuade some father, mother, uncle, aunt, or friend to give you the *Other Stories* for a Christmas box, and then see if you do not agree with us." All the old favourites, Mr. Henty, Mr. Manville Fenn, Dr. Gordon Stables, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, Miss Rosa Mulholland, and others are well to the fore, and there are a host of new friends, among whom Mr. A. Lincoln Green, the author of that capital story, "The Vengeance of Yussuf Ben Sadi," deserves special mention. Of *Fifty-two Fairy Tales* it need only be said that Mr. Andrew Lang, of red, blue, and green editorial fame, has found a friendly but formidable rival. Mr. Miles probably does not profess to be a specialist in fairy lore; but in variety of interest and delightfulness his collection of fairy stories from German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, and Oriental sources is bad to beat. When the children have gone to bed, the book is tolerably certain to be devoured by their seniors—that is, by such of their seniors as know what is good for them.

Dear. By the Author of "Tip Cat." (Innes.) When a new edition of the history of Christian names is written, a special chapter must be devoted to those which have been inadvertently given. The charming heroine of this charming book got hers in this way. Her absent-minded father had listened to many discussions as to what his little one's name should be, but forgot all about the matter when he held the child in his arms at the font, and there bestowed upon her publicly the name she already bore within his heart. It suited her admirably; and every one seemed to know intuitively what it was, and would address her by it. How she grew up in the poor parsonage, shedding brightness upon all its inmates, is told with just that mixture of pathos and humour which the authoress has at her command and has elsewhere displayed. The country scenes and the country folk are faithfully drawn—not overdrawn nor drawn from fancy; and the "little parson," who reminds one in some points of the good priest in *Les Misérables*, is, we hope, not without a parallel in the ranks of the Anglican clergy. We suppose it was necessary for the story's sake that Dear should marry the wrong man, but the writer at any rate repented the deed; and we are able to put down this pretty tale with a smile and not a sigh, and that is as it should be.

Little Joan Maitland. By E. C. Phillips. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This is a book for small children and for baby-lovers among adults. We are introduced to Little Joan Maitland at the earliest possible moment of her infancy, and we lose sight of her at the early age of five or six. But her baby life between these points is very pleasingly and naturally told; and we are persuaded that few readers who can appreciate a small child's history will be able to resist the fascination which Little Joan exercises both within and without the home circle. The humanising effect she produces on the moody temper and desolate life of Sir Howard Glen is another version of the lesson told in such a masterly manner by George Eliot in her incomparable *Silas Marner*.

Condemned as a Nihilist. By G. A. Henty. (Blackie.) Of course Mr. Henty does with ability whatever he puts his hand to. But in this story of the possibilities that, so to speak, lie in wait for the spirited and adventurous youth who goes to Russia, he seems rather overburdened with his subject. His book seems long, and a considerable portion of it has a "got up" look. Godfrey Bullen, however, who goes to St. Petersburg in connexion with his father's business, and there falling into what used to be considered "bad company," is sent to Siberia as a Nihilist, is a very good example of the English public schoolboy who never ceases to be a public schoolboy. We cannot say much for the Russians and others whose acquaintance Godfrey makes in the course of his travels; they have an unreal look. The escape from Siberia, however, is well told; and the description of prison life is very graphic.

The Guinea Stamp. By Annie S. Swan. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) There is a good deal more both of sin and of misery in this story than is generally to be found in books by Annie S. Swan. Glasgow dreariness and music-hall vulgarity are almost realistically painted. The would-be hero of the story seduces a poor girl; and the undaunted heroine marries the brother of the seduced girl. Still, there is more "grit" in *The Guinea Stamp* than there is in most stories of the sort; and its author evidently does know Glasgow middle-class life. Three of the leading characters—the miserly Uncle Abel, Gladys Graham (who makes none the worse an heiress that she has to experience very dismal poverty before she secures her fortune), and her gnarled oak of a sweetheart—are admirably sketched.

Strange Yet True. By Dr. Macaulay. (Nisbet.) In this collection Dr. Macaulay gives all sorts and conditions of authentic (or, at least, reasonably authenticated) stories; it is, indeed, a Scotch haggis of those facts which are stranger than fiction. The very different "affairs" of the Armada, *The Kent, The Royal George*, and *The Vega* are here given; and Martin Luther, Guy Fawkes, Anson, Thomas Muir, and the Brothers Haldane rub shoulders with each other. But if the meal that Dr. Macaulay supplies suggests "promiscuous feeding," the quality is good. He tells his stories in an eminently "popular" style. This is an admirable book to put into the hands of a lad of the best Sunday-school type.

"THE DAINTY BOOKS."—*For Grown-Up Children.* By L. B. Walford. *Mum Fidgets.* By Constance Milman. (Innes.) Charming little volumes are these, with "dainty" covers and pretty illustrations, and we expect they will be among the most popular gift books of the season. Some of Mrs. Walford's stories have, we think, appeared before; but in their new form they will be welcomed by lovers of children even more than by children themselves. They are pictures of child life drawn with a delicate and sympathetic hand. "Mum Fidgets" is amusing and less wildly improbable than "The Two Richards," in which Miss Milman is scarcely at her best.

The Thirsty Sword: a Story of the Norse Invasion of Scotland. By Robert Leighton. (Blackie.) Mr. Leighton has broken new ground, and, with the aid of the printer and the designer (Mr. Alfred Pearce), has produced a volume which will attract the boys. He deals with the invasion of the Western Isles of Scotland in the thirteenth century by Hakon, King of Norway, and has blended fiction and history together in a skilful way. The introduction of a couple of maps is both useful and astute, as they help to give the story an additional degree of *vraisemblance*, and to counterbalance the marvels and mysteries with which the pages abound. As an antiquary's picture of a remote age, Mr. Leighton's work may be full of blemishes; but as a vigorous tale of doughty deeds and simple virtues—as well as of uncanny creatures—it will secure for itself no small popularity, and will deserve it.

Spitewinter. By Helen Shipton. (S.P.C.K.) The authoress is a well-known and esteemed purveyor of children's fiction, and accordingly we expect good work from her hands. *Spitewinter* does not rank with her more elaborate efforts, but the story is decidedly pleasing and well told. In its course a question of casuistry crops up, which has been frequently utilised by fiction writers—viz., the obligation of a man who has, as he supposes (though his supposition is wrong), committed the crime of murder to give himself up to justice and so exonerate a suspected person. The duty is not in this instance so hampered by other obligations as to seem impossible; and so the problem, such as it is, is both ethically and readily solved. Eunice Goodwin is a charming heroine, and her crusty but genuine old father is well drawn. Healthy in tone and entertaining in narrative, this book is one to be by all means commended.

Cousin Isabel. By Marion Andrews. (Gardner, Darton & Co.) This is another addition to the many stories based upon the Siege of Londonderry, or at all events taking that exciting episode as an historical background. The actual incidents of the siege are interwoven into the life of "Cousin Isabel" and her relations with a fair amount of skill, and the story is not wholly unworthy of its sensational and heroic environment. It must, however, be regarded as no small tribute to Lord Macaulay's picturesque history of the same events, that it renders almost every other reproduction of it comparatively tame and spiritless. The authoress of *Cousin Isabel* has, however, attained a more than average success.

THE boy who wishes to run away to sea will probably act promptly if he reads *Steady Your Helm!* by W. C. Metcalfe (Nisbet). It is crammed with adventures which befall two schoolboys. They make a voyage to China, and discover the skeleton of an uncle who has been thoughtful enough to leave his private papers near him. Then the bones tumble asunder as in a pantomime; but all ends happily. The tone of the book is excellent. The scenes at school are weak and sufficiently fanciful. Every now and then the diction of the story is ludicrous. Who ever heard a boy grumble because "he was classed in the category of idle fellows?" Some of the ruffians might have sailed with Mr. Stevenson, and this is a high recommendation.

New Relations. By Emma Marshall. (Nisbet.) A new story by this popular authoress will be welcomed by girls. Like all Mrs. Marshall's books, this is pleasantly and brightly written. The dialogue is easy and natural; and the characters are well drawn, though we are inclined to think that the stage is rather overcrowded. Notwithstanding this, we can cordially recommend *New Relations* as a gift book for girls.

St. Dunstan's Clock. By E. Ward. (Seeley.) In this historical tale for children Miss Ward

has broken entirely new ground. The story of the great fire of London in 1666 is admirably told, and much insight is given into the ways and manner of life of the shopkeepers in our great city in the seventeenth century. The illustrations are unusually good, and in every way it is a book to be recommended.

A Rough Road. By Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks. (Blackie.) We rather fancy we have met with this story before under another title; and the supposition, if true, conveys a disagreeable suspicion that "gift books," purporting to be fresh from the author's pen and the printer's type, are in reality products of a bygone "season," with a new title-page and cover. Whether this be so or not, there is no reason in this case why the story should not have achieved immediate success, for it is decidedly entertaining as well as instructive. It tells us—to use the authoress's supplementary title, "How the Boy makes a Man of Himself." The boy is Robert Wallis, who is driven from home by the severity of his schoolmaster father, and who earns his living by trading with needles. The authoress describes the boy's trials and privations with a skill and realistic pathos which could not easily be bettered. The road is decidedly rough, but "it is a long lane that has no turning;" and it ends with the customary extravagantly good fortune which in story books is reserved for good and perseveringly honest boys.

Lilla Thorn's Voyage. By Grace Stebbing. (Nisbet.) We must confess to a feeling of disappointment after reading this book. We remember some capital stories from Miss Stebbing's pen, such as *That Aggravating School Girl*; but the present one seems to us both feeble and unnatural. Lilla Thorn is a small child with an immense mass of fair hair (which plays an important part in the story), who undertakes a long sea voyage practically alone, though nominally under the charge of some friends. Her numerous adventures on board ship, her rather unnatural conversations, and the crowning excitement of a storm at sea, make up the story. It is a harmless but unnecessary production, and we are sorry to be unable to commend the illustrations.

Mrs. Lupton's Lodgings. By Laura M. Lane. (Partridge.) This is an extremely sentimental story, the events of which oscillate between Mrs. Lupton's lodgings and the British Museum. The characters, one and all, are vividly depicted; indeed they are so real that they may not improbably have been drawn from life. The story has also the advantage of being well illustrated, the head and tail pieces being scraps of views partly from the galleries of the museum, partly from spots in the neighbourhood. This is an employment of photography in the artistic adornment of books of which we are likely to see a large development in the future. The effect of these pictorial scraps in giving a local habitation and a homely reality to the fictitious incidents of a story is unquestionable.

Another Man's Burden. By Austin Clare. (S. P. C. K.) Healthily written and suitable to a parish library. Christopher is a sturdy, honest, north country workman with good stuff in him; and, if Clara be more refined and cultivated than most of her class, she is not impossible, and is a worthy ideal for girls to set before them.

ANOTHER clergyman, the Rev. G. E. Mason, who together with Rev. C. Bodington was sent by the late Archbishop of York to preach missions in New Zealand, gives a sensible account of his expedition in *Round the Round World* (S.P.C.K.). His impressions of scenery, life, and character are brief and to the point; and colonial religion as here painted will surprise many. Mr. Mason has a keen eye for flowers and natural beauty, and his straightforward narrative would form an excellent companion to anyone making the grand tour of our own days.

MR. E. A. MARTIN publishes a little volume of essays on familiar points of natural history, especially geological subjects, under the title, *Amidst Nature's Realms* (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.). They are neither better nor worse than many such collections which appeal year after year to young students.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly publish a volume entitled, *National Life and Character* by Dr. C. H. Pearson (formerly of Oriel College, and late of Melbourne). It is an attempt to investigate the tendency of events, in a rather remote future, on the assumption that there are no great political convulsions, but that causes now beginning to operate receive full effect. The author believes that the higher races of mankind have reached pretty nearly the full limit of expansion; that as nations are confined more and more to their existing limits, State Socialism will prevail everywhere; that this tendency will be favoured by the general extension of military service and by the growth of large towns; that the new society will gain by an increased intensity of patriotic sentiment; but that family life will be to some extent broken up, and that individual character will lose in self-reliance more than it gains in sobriety.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will shortly publish the Japanese play written by Sir Edwin Arnold during his recent residence in Tokyo. It is entitled *Adzuma*; or, The Japanese Wife; and it aims at telling, in dramatic form and with faithful adherence to native manners, a popular mediaeval story of feminine virtue. Though composed as a literary work, it is hoped that it may hereafter be acted on the American and English stage.

MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE have in the press a fourth volume of the new series of *State Trials*, covering the period from 1839 to 1843. It will thus include the trials of the Chartists, Frost, Feargus O'Connor, and Thomas Cooper (who died only the other day); of Oxford, Francis, and Bean, for shooting at the Queen; of Lord Cardigan, before the House of Lords, for his duel; and of Moxon, for publishing Shelley's *Queen Mab.*

DR. JESSOPP'S *Studies by a Recluse* will be ready next week. The titles of the essays are as follows: "St. Albans and her Historian," "Bury St. Edmunds," "On the Edge of the East Anglian Holy Land," "The Origin of the Towns," "The Land and its Owners," "Random Roaming" "The Real Old Country Gentleman," "A Suggestion for my Titles."

THE next volume in Mr. Archibald Constable's "Oriental Miscellany" will be a reprint of Broughton's Letters written in a Mahratta Camp during the year 1809, with coloured illustrations, a map, and notes. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, the son of the historian of the Mahrattas, contributes an introduction.

MRS. FISHER (Miss Arabella Buckley) has written an elementary book on English history, which will appear immediately in Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s series of "History Primers."

MR. H. C. ARNOLD FORSTER has been for some time past engaged in the preparation of a series of Historical Readers, designed to meet the most recent requirements of the New Code. The books will be issued by Messrs. Cassell & Co., under the title of *Things New and Old*; or, Stories from English History; and the earlier Standards are nearly ready for publication.

AMONG the works which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish in the Christmas and New Year season are *Old Rabbit, the Voodoo, and Other Sorcerers*, edited by Miss Mary Alicia Owen, with an introduction by Mr. Charles G. Leland, and pictures by Miss Owen and Mr. Louis Wain; *Seventy Years of Life in the Victorian Era*, embracing a travelling record in Australia, New Zealand, and America, by Mr. J. Vaughan Hughes; *Kelt or Gael*, a comparative essay, by Mr. T. de Courcy Atkins; *St. George and the Dragon*, a world-wide legend localised by Miss Sarah Ann Matson, illustrated in outline by Miss Claudia May Southby; *Three Generations of Englishmen*, by Mrs. Janet Ross, in a new edition entirely revised and greatly altered, with a portrait of Lady Duff Gordon, by Mr. G. F. Watts, now for the first time published.

IN the "Independent Novel" series, *Poor Lady Massy*, by Miss H. Rutherford Russell, will appear; and in "The Pseudonym Library," *Colette*, by Philippe St. Hilaire, the author of *Jean de Kerdren*; also new editions of *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* and *Miriam's Schooling*, both by Mark Rutherford, and edited by Reuben Shapcott: an illustrated child's book, *The Princess Heliotrope*, by Miss V. Pendred; a new edition of *Furze Blossoms*, by Miss R. M. Kettle; and the second volume of *Our Earth*, by Mr. George Ferguson.

MR. UNWIN has also in preparation *The Heart of the Wild Sierras*, by the Rev. G. W. White. This work recalls a recent sojourn of the author in Spain. Mr. White has conversed with muleteers, and taken down from their lips a number of songs and melodies.

THE Guild and School of Handicraft announces for publication a Christmas story entitled *From Whitechapel to Camelot*, by Mr. C. R. Ashbee, with illustrations by M. or N.

THE next volume of Messrs. Henry & Co.'s "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" will be *His Lordship*, written by Mr. G. B. Burgin, the assistant editor of the *Idler*.

MESSRS. JAMES BLACKWOOD & CO., of Lovell's court, have in the press *The Maid of Fleet*: a Love Romance of the Nineteenth Century, by Mr. George McKeand, with illustrations by Mr. John Faed and Mr. Thomas Faed.

A VOLUME of verse by Mr. R. Alleyne Harris, entitled *The Twofold Life*, is announced for immediate publication, by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. WILLIAM BROCKIE, a Sunderland journalist and author of several local works, has now in the press a volume to be entitled *Sunderland Worthies*: Natives, Residents, and Visitors.

MR. KINETON PARKES, of the Nicholson Institute, Leek, proposes to publish a series of booklets, in a very limited edition, to be called the "Leek Press Papers." The first will be an address delivered lately at the Leek Town Hall, by Mr. Walter Crane, upon "The Relation of Art to Education and Social Life."

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge announce a new edition of *Doris*, by the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, the first edition of 5000 having run out in a little over three weeks.

THE same publishers also announce a new edition of Miss Rossetti's *Face of the Deep*, which was published a few months ago.

A SECOND edition of *The Veiled Hand*, by Mr. Frederick Wicks, which was issued last month by Messrs. Eden, Remington & Co., is now in the press, and will be ready before Christmas.

HERR BODE, well known in Germany as a student of Goethe literature, having recently died, his unique collection of artistic illustrations to Goethe's "Faust" and the Faust legend

has passed into the hands of Dr. Alexander Tille, of Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, who will ultimately bequeath it to the University of Leipzig. Meanwhile, he is about to bring his treasure to London for one evening, when, at the rooms of the Medical Society, 11, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, they will be exhibited, with comments, on Friday, December 16, at an evening meeting of the English Goethe Society. Prof. Herkomer has been asked to take the chair. The collection comprises about four hundred pieces, mostly original engravings, in some cases photographs after prints. Among the artists represented are Peter Cornelius, Kaulbach, Retzsch, Nehrlich, Ronewka, Seibertz, Kreling, L. Mayer, Makart, and others. Cards of invitation may be obtained from Dr. Eugene Oswald, secretary to the Society, 49, Blomfield-road, Maida-hill.

The Rev. Wentworth Webster has reprinted from the *Bulletin* of the Bayonne Historical Society a paper entitled "Sur Quelques Inscriptions du Pays Basque et des Environs." He does not profess to have made a complete collection, but only to record such as have caught his eye during a residence of many years. One or two may go back to Roman times, but the majority are quite modern, being written on houses, sundials, clocks, &c.—only very few are in Basque. The following, on a sundial at Ossès, is worthy of being added to Mrs. Gatty's catalogue; *orhoit hilcea* —"bear death in mind." A sea-tower on the Spanish side of the frontier records that it was erected by King Philip, in 1598, *ad reprimenda piratum latrocinia*, which our author thinks may refer to the ravages of Sir Francis Drake. A fragment of the substructure of the guillotine near St. Jean de Luz has an inscription which apparently reads: "La terreur chasse la tyrannie." Mr. Webster says that he has been unable to discover any traces whatever of the Arabs, either in inscriptions, words, or architecture. Incidentally, he gives some good examples of popular etymology. Fuenterrabia is sometimes interpreted to mean "the fountain of the Arabs." But the Basque name is Ondarrabia = "two sand banks," which was corrupted first to *unda rapida*, and then to *fons rapidus*. So the Celtic name, Llwybrdun, in Galicia, properly translated as *castelho do caminho*, has become Libredon. Finally, Mr. Webster has a word about the inscriptions in all languages with which M. Antoine d' Abbadie, the traveller and savant, has covered his house.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* will shortly change hands, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. having disposed of the copyright to Mr. Edward Arnold. The magazine will be published as usual by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. until the March number, after which it will be issued by Mr. Edward Arnold.

Owing to the strong interest shown in Mr. Stopford Brooke's criticism of Lord Tennyson, and to Prof. H. S. Foxwell's paper on the monetary conference now sitting at Brussels, a reprint of the December number of the *Contemporary Review* has been found necessary.

The Christmas number of the *Strand Magazine* will contain an article on the Queen's studies in Hindustani and her warm patronage of Oriental learning, written by Moulvi Rafiüddin Ahmad. The Queen, who has of late entered upon the acquisition of her new language with zeal, has been pleased to copy two pages out of her Indian diary, both in Hindustani and English, to be facsimiled in the article, and has also perused and revised the portions relating to her studies.

The January number of the *Young Man*, which commences a new volume, will contain a complete story by Mr. Barry Pain; some Reminiscences of Browning, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis; an article on "How to Study Astronomy," by Sir Robert S. Ball; and a character sketch of the Duke of York, by one of his oldest friends, with portraits, facsimile autograph, and other illustrations. Dr. Conan Doyle writes upon "The Best Book of the Year"; Mr. George Manville Fenn commences a new serial story; Mr. H. W. Massingham shows how a young man can make a living by journalism; Mr. F. C. Gould gives some information about "The Art of Caricature," with specimens of his work; and there are other articles by Dr. Stalker, the Rev. W. J. Dawson, Mr. Herbert Paul, &c. The programme for 1893 promises contributions from the Bishop of Ripon, Archdeacon Farrar, Archdeacon Sinclair, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, Mr. Fred Henderson, Dr. Clifford, the Rev. C. A. Berry, the Dean of Norwich, Mr. R. F. Horton, &c.

A character sketch of Mrs. Gladstone, by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, will appear in the *Young Woman* for January, accompanied by a new portrait and sketches of the principal rooms at Hawarden.

Among the original articles to appear in the forthcoming issue of the *Religious Review of Reviews* will be "The Constitution of the Church," II., by Canon Mathews; "The Gospel of the Incarnation," a sermon by the Rev. J. W. Diggle; "The Problem of Poverty," I., by the Rev. A. Finlayson; and "The Church and Poor Law Reform," by the Rev. J. Cairns. The frontispiece will be a portrait of the Bishop of Winshester.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

Mr. William Ridgeway, professor of Greek at Queen's College, Galway, and author of *The Origin of Metallic Currency and Weight Standards*, published this year by the Cambridge University Press, has been elected to the Disney chair of archaeology at Cambridge, in succession to Canon Browne. The term is for five years, and the duties do not involve regular residence.

Mr. Fred. Brown, head master of the Westminster School of Art, has been appointed to the Slade chair of fine art at University College, London, vacant by the resignation of M. Legros.

Prof. Theodore Aufrecht, of Bonn—who compiled a catalogue of the Sanskrit MSS. in the Bodleian as long ago as 1864—has now offered to catalogue the Sanskrit MSS. in the University Library at Cambridge. He proposes to reside in Cambridge for the purpose.

The general board of studies at Cambridge have approved Mr. J. H. Middleton, Slade professor of fine art and director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

The following have been elected to honorary fellowships at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge: Mr. A. H. Green, professor of geology at Oxford; Dr. Arthur Ransome, of Manchester; and Mr. G. J. Romanes.

In response to the memorial already referred to in the Academy, the Council at Cambridge has proposed the appointment of a syndicate "to consider what changes, if any, are advisable and practicable in the times of holding tripos examinations."

At the meeting of the Ethical Society on Sunday next, at 7.30 p.m., at Essex Hall, Strand, Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter will deliver a lecture upon "Moral Ideas in the Book of Isaiah: Three Stages in Ethical Conception."

Mr. Henry Frowde will shortly publish a book entitled *Chapters on Alliterative Verse:* a dissertation for the degree of Doctor of Letters, by John Lawrence (M.A. Lond.), reader in English at the University of Prague.

The University of Cambridge has granted copies of certain books printed at the University Press to the following public libraries: Barking, Clapham, Hull, Lewisham, the People's Palace, Watford, Westminster, and York.

About this time last year, we noticed the appearance of *Minerva*: Jahrbuch der Universitäten der Welt, compiled by Dr. R. Kukula, municipal librarian at Klagenfurt, and Herr Karl Trübner, the well-known publisher of Strassburg. We have now received the second issue, with the sub-title changed to Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt, and augmented in size more than twofold. This has been effected not only by including other learned bodies besides universities proper, but also by adding some account of their organisation, financial details, &c. Further, help has been sought and obtained from foreigners — such as Prof. Holland, of Oxford, and Dr. Sandys, of Cambridge—so that our criticisms on the first issue are disarmed. Berlin now fills twenty-five pages, and Paris twenty-three, but London only fifteen. To take the last, not only do we have a brief description of London University, with the list of its examiners, and the teaching staff of University and King's Colleges, but also something about the British Museum, the Science and Art Department, the Public Record Office, the Royal Society, &c., &c. Perhaps the only important institutions omitted are the Inns of Court, Gresham College, and the colleges for women. What was before little more than a classified catalogue of university professors, has now become a guide to the learned institutions of the world, and as indispensable as the *Almanac de Gotha*, the *Statesman's Year Book*, or *Whitaker*. The attractiveness of the volume is greatly enhanced by an elegant white binding—which will stand the test of rough handling, though not of dirty fingers—and by an admirable etching of Prof. Mommsen for frontispiece.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

VENUS ANADYOMENE.

(*Sandro Botticelli speaks.*)*

Hush'd are the myrtles, a stillness
Broods o'er the land; 'tis the hush,
Silent and grey, of the dawn:
Only the sea lips the marge,
Languidly stirs in the sedges,
Ever, afar, lips the land till it melts into sea.

Breathless, a pageant, a mystery
Holds spell-bound the earth—
Men are sleeping, and women
Dream of their passion and travail—
Secret and white as the sea-mist
Kypris the Virgin, the Mother, steals up from the sea.

Still; in the grey of the dawning,
Dewy her eyes and her hair,
Wistful, dewy for birth;
Timid she droops, and her tresses
Veil white limbs: with breasts
Shrinking, immaculate, virgin, she looms in the sea.

Now, in the dusk of the myrtles,
Flush'd Aurora, with flowers
Wreath'd in her vesture, and hands
Eager to deck her, with roses
Strews all the shore: and on roses,
Languid and rapt, Cytherea stands wet with the sea.

Hail! Maiden Mother, that bringst
Life and the breath of the spring—
Violet and cowslip and thyme!
Clear calls the bird in the thicket,
Wanton the lambs in the pasture:
Kypris the soul of the world on the breath of the sea!

Maurice Hewlett.

* In *La Nascità Venere*, Uffizzi, Florence.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The *Antiquary* still continues its notes on the archaeology of our provincial museums. This month we have a paper by Mr. Ward on that at Hereford. Lacking as this collection is in orderly arrangement, it contains some things of value and more of educational importance. The cast of the tympanum of the Norman doorhead at Fownthorpe is, for purposes of instruction, as good as the original. The central group of figures has been thought to be a representation of the Holy Trinity. It is here suggested that the central figure is not God the Father, but the Blessed Virgin, with the infant Jesus on her lap. If the engraving that accompanies the text be trustworthy, this is evidently the true interpretation. A winged lion and a bird act, to use heraldic language, as supporters to the central figure. These may be two of the evangelistic symbols. The lion is of graceful and noble proportions; but the bird is small, more like a dove than an eagle. In the same collection is preserved an iron bell which is asserted to be Anglo-Saxon. We should be glad to know how its date has been ascertained. Mr. R. Munro contributes a paper on the discovery of a lake-dwelling in Somersetshire. It has already appeared in *The Times*, but its archaeological value is so great as fully to justify its reprint in *The Antiquary*. We must not conclude without a passing notice of the editor's paper on the mediaeval embroidery preserved at Hardwick Hall.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Champion, Edme. Voltaire: études critiques. Paris Flammarion. 3 fr. 50 c.

Colfs, J. F. La filiation généalogique de toutes les écoles gothiques. Paris: Baudry. 100 fr.

Compayré, G. L'Evolution intellectuelle et morale de l'enfant. Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.

Darf Russland e. Angriff auf den Bosporus wagen? Eine militärisch-polit. Studie. Wien: Verlagsanstalt "Reichswehr." 7 M.

Frizzoni, G. La Galleria Morelli in Bergamo. Milan: Hoepli. 18 fr.

Galland, G. Der Grosse Kurfürst u. Moritz v. Nassau, der Brasilianer. Studien zur brandenburg. u. holländ. Kunstgeschichte. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Keller. 4 M.

Geffroy, Gustave. La Vie artistique. Paris: Dentu. 5 fr.

Glajeux, Bérard des. Les passions criminelles: leurs causes et leurs remèdes. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

Hebbel's, F., Briefwechsel m. Freunden u. berühmten Zeitgenossen. 2. Bd. Berlin: Grote. 15 M.

Jaeger, H. Kamerun u. Sudan. Berlin: Beuge. 3 M.

Morillot, Paul. Le Roman en France depuis 1610 jusqu' à nos jours. Paris: Masson. 5 fr.

Trolard, Eugène. Mémoires d'un Inspecteur des Finances. Paris: Charles. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

Texte u. Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur. 8. Bd. 1. u. 2. Hft. Gnostische Schriften in koptischer Sprache aus dem Codex Brucianus. Hrsg. v. C. Schmidt. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 22 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

Albert, P. Matthias Döring, e. deutscher Minorit d. 15 Jahrh. Stuttgart: Ochs. 2 M. 50 Pf.

Attinger, G. Essai sur Lycurgue et ses institutions. Neufchatel: Attinger. 2 fr.

Codex traditionum westfalicarum. IV. Münster: Theissing. 10 M.

Feilbogen, S. Smith u. Turgot. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte u. Theorie der Nationalökonomie. Wien: Hölder. 3 M. 50 Pf.

Inventare d Frankfurter Stadtarchivs. 3. Bd., eingeleitet v. R. Jung. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Völcker. 3 M. 50 Pf.

Kortzfleisch, v. Der Feldzug gegen der Loire u. die Einnahme v. Vendôme am 15. u. 16. Dezber. 1870. Berlin: Mittler. 3 M. 60 Pf.

Mazzatinti, G. Inventari dei manoscritti delle Biblioteche d'Italia. Vol. 2. Turin: Loescher. 9 M.

Philippovich, E. v. Grundriss der politischen Oekonomie. 1. Bd. Allgemeine Volkswirthschaftslehre. Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

(Bastian, A.) Wie das Volk denkt. Ein Beitrag zur Beantwortg. socialer Fragen auf Grundlage ethn. Elementargedanken in der Lehre vom Menschen. Berlin: Felber. 5 M.

Bernard-Laverone. L'Evolution sociale. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr.

Caldi, G. Metodologia generale della interpretazione scientifica. Vol. I. La logica di Aristotele. Turin: Loescher. 10 fr.

Ergebnisse der in dem Indischen Ocean von Mitte Juli bis Anfang Novbr. 1889 ausgeführten Plankton-Expedition der Humboldt-Stiftung. Hrsg. v. V. Hensen. 1. Bd. A., u. 2. Bd. K. d. Kiel: Lipsius. 38 M.

Hertling, G. Frhr. v. John Locke u. die Schule v. Cambridge. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 5 M.

(Leuckart, R.), Festschrift zum 70. Geburtstage R. L.'s. Leipzig: Engelmann. 120 M.

Monchoisy. L'Inde et les Hindous: Notes et impressions. Paris: Fischbacher. 4 fr.

Preger, W. Geschichte der deutschen Mystik im Mittelalter. 3. Tl. Tauler. Der Gottesfreunde vom Oberlande. Merswin. Leipzig: Dörffling. 9 M.

Richet, Ch. Travaux du laboratoire. T. 1. Système nerveux. Chaleur animale. Paris: Alcan. 12 fr.

PHILOLOGY.

Pertsch, W. Die orientalischen Handschriften der herzogl. Bibliothek zu Gotha. 5. Bd. Gotha: Perthes. 20 M.

Rabe, A. Die Redaktion der Demosthenischen Kranzrede. Göttingen: Dieterich. 1 M. 20 Pf.

Urkunden, aegyptische aus den königl. Museen zu Berlin. Griechische Urkunden. 1.—3. Hft. Berlin: Weidmann. 2 M. 40 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. W. B. SCOTT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Aberdeen: Dec. 4, 1892.

I hate literary squabbles, and I should be sorry to add anything to the bitterness which seems to have been roused in some quarters by the publication of Mr. W. B. Scott's Autobiographic Notes. But seeing that, as Mr. Scott's literary executor, I, and I alone, am responsible for what has been put in print, I must protest when charges of malice and uncharitableness are supported by reading into the autobiographer's narrative covert meanings, of which the plain words contain not the faintest suggestion. I do not claim that my discretion as an editor is perfect, nor do I seek to maintain that my old friend was a saint or that he had not a keen sense of the ridiculous; but I think I may fairly claim that his charity and my discretion should be judged by what is actually set forth. I am ready to apologise for any pain that may have been inflicted by my carelessness, but I cannot accept responsibility for offences that are not in the book but in the perverse misconstructions of its interpreters.

I must thank your reviewer, Mr. Sharp, for his courteous references to myself. But his zeal on behalf of friends whom he conceives to be injuriously glanced at has misled him into some trivial misunderstandings, and one or two very serious ones. The worst of these is his suggestion that the autobiographer has cast a slur on the memory of Miss Siddal, "a woman against whose name there was never any taint of scandal." This is simply monstrous. The words on which Mr. Sharp founds are—

"Miss Siddal, with whom Gabriel, in his innocent adolescence, fell in love and married after a long attachment."

Omitting "after a long attachment," underlining "in his innocent adolescence," and construing these words along with some "tactless phrasing in a later passage," Mr. Sharp hints at—he himself knows what. I have read the "tactless phrasing" again and again: I have looked at every reference to Miss Siddal, and I cannot conceive which of two or three possible vile innuendoes Mr. Sharp has in his mind. There is none such in Mr. Scott's narrative. He would not have written, and I would not have printed, anything of the kind.

There is another perverse misconstruction of a serious kind, against which I must protest. "At page 181" Mr. Sharp says, giving specific references with impressive confidence,

"and more particularly and offensively at page 305, there is what can only be characterised as an outrage upon Mr. William Rossetti and his wife, upon Miss Christina Rossetti, and other relatives and intimate friends. The idea that Rossetti was without loving attendance and affectionate and solicitous friends in his latest years is preposterous."

The outrage is Mr. Sharp's own, and it is hardly ingenuous. Nothing strikes the unbiassed reader of Mr. Scott's Notes more than the evidences they give of the beautiful, natural, unaffected affection subsisting among the members of the Rossetti family, and, in particular, of the untiring brotherly service of Mr. W. Rossetti. It is the one relief in what Mr. Scott calls the "tragic background" of D. G. Rossetti's life; and "Scotus," as his old friends called him, would not have been the tender-hearted man that I take him to have been if he had shown himself insensible of it. For obvious reasons I cannot dwell upon this: it would be an outrage, indeed, to do so; but the words used by Mr. Scott in closing his tragic story are enough to show how unfounded is Mr. Sharp's suggestion:

"The picture I have drawn had been a painful one to witness in the original, and has been only less so to indicate in narrative, even carefully omitting the most repulsive elements of the scene. At Birchington he lived four months or more, till the 9th of April; but the presence of his mother and sister, Christina, cleared the air of the sick-room, and made the period sacred."

I turn to the pages indicated by Mr. Sharp. Nothing but the most forced construction, the most arbitrary separation from the context, can find there the meaning that Mr. Sharp reads into them. The plain reference is to the absence from Rossetti's house of certain friends of the old circle who used to be there. The old man, visiting his friend of thirty years' standing, misses the old familiar faces. Was there anything so very "outrageous" in his thinking that the new friends whom he found there did not quite make up for the loss of the old? It is natural enough that the new friends, among whom he mentions Mr. Sharp himself, and Mr. Theodore Watts, should not think so. But concerning these, Mr. Scott neither says nor insinuates that they were not sufficiently assiduous in their attention. On one occasion he mentions that he found Rossetti alone, and ill, and complaining. But on another of the pages to which Mr. Sharp refers, I find:—

"Happily Watts has been invaluable since then in many ways; fascinated by Rossetti, ill as he was, and always ready and able to serve him."

Distasteful as the subject is, there is one other grave misunderstanding that I must notice before passing to more trivial matters:

"The allegation," Mr. Sharp says, "that Rossetti's success as a poet was due, or partly due, to dishonest criticism is baseless as it is infamous."

Mr. Sharp must pardon me if I point out to him, leaving him to choose his own adjective for his own assertion, that there is no such "allegation," or even romotest hint, in Mr. Scott's Notes. On the contrary, Mr. Scott suggests that Rossetti's poems would have been more "successful" if he had been less morbidly sensitive to criticism, and consequently less anxious to have them reviewed by "friends and henchmen." Mr. Scott's own admiration of Rossetti's genius in poetry is again and again expressed, and everywhere implied. He believed the poems to be capable of making their own way, but perhaps had not equal confidence in the wisdom of the "friends and henchmen." And he records that both he and Mr. W. Rossetti used to warn the poet against "diplomatising" for friendly reviews. Surely this is very different from alleging that "Rossetti's success as a poet was due to dishonest criticism."

In this connexion, Mr. Sharp accuses the autobiographer of "misstating the date when Mr. Watts began to write criticisms in the weekly papers." I am not likely to undervalue the importance of this event, seeing that I had the honour of being Mr. Watts's first editor; but if Mr. Sharp turns again to the passage that he quotes, and looks at the previous page, he will see that the date is correctly indicated as 1875. But I admit that the dates in Mr. Scott's reminiscences are somewhat puzzling. He confesses and

apologises for this himself, and does not pretend to strict chronological sequence.

With regard to a few trival anecdotes about Mr. Swinburne, which I allowed to stand in the Notes, Mr. Sharp implicitly accepts Mr. Swinburne's violent impeachment of their accuracy:—

"Will it easily be believed," he says, "that the several anecdotes and remarks about Mr. Swinburne's boyhood and youth are either wholly false or so misrepresented as to be false in implication? Mr. Swinburne, however, can speak—and has spoken —for himself."

Yes; Mr. Swinburne has spoken, and we know how Mr. Swinburne can speak when he is angry. If anybody else had vituperated a dead man in such gross and unmeasured terms, one might have felt some answering indignation; but as it is, I can only wonder by what amazing freak of super-irritable imagination Mr. Swinburne has contrived to distort anecdotes so trival and harmless in intention into offences so stupendous and revolutionary. Of course I owe Mr. Swinburne an apology for printing anything about him at all; and, in tendering it, I can only say that if I had seen in the trifling little reminiscences anything tending to present him in a ridiculous light, I would not have sent them to press. But what are the reminiscences? What, as a matter of fact, does Mr. Scott say? There are only three allusions to Mr. Swinburne altogether, and only two that he complains of as adding a "new terror" to his life. Mr. Scott recalls that when he first met Mr. Swinburne he was struck with his boyish appearance and boyish manners, and that, "not yet recognising in this unique youth the greatest rhythmical genius in English poetry," he was inclined rather to wonder at him as a spoilt child. It seemed to me, and I still think, that if the record of this impression thirty-five years after, when Mr. Swinburne is the acknowledged chief of our poets, tells against anybody or anything, it is only against the reminiscencer's want of discernment in not being able to penetrate at once beneath superficial appearances. The whole point of the reminiscence is the contrast between the outer youth as he appeared at first sight and the genius that was afterwards revealed. As regards the accessories of so simple an anecdote, I confess that I did not think it worth while to make minute inquiry, and Mr. Swinburne's corrections are so wrapt up in his singularly fine and elaborate prose that I cannot yet see where the "mendacity," and "malignity," and other terrific offences, come in. He does not deny that he met Mr. Scott at Wallington about this time, which was the summer or autumn of 1857. I do not see how he can pretend to know what were Mr. Scott's first impressions of him. He retorts furiously that he was not a schoolboy but an undergraduate: Mr. Scott dces not say that he was a schoolboy, but only that he looked like one; indeed, Mr. Scott says that he was about to enter Balliol. Mr. Scott guessed his age at 18, but says that he gave the impression of greater youth: it seems that as a matter of fact he was twenty. Oh, the "malignant impertinence of servile invention"! Mr. Scott speaks of "a little fellow on a long-tailed pony": Mr. Swinburne retorts that "Scotus" could not ride. "Scotus" does not say that he could: it is from a post-chaise that he professes to have first seen the youthful poet "turn and wind a fiery Pegasus"; but it is no wonder, if such were his sedentary habits, that in his old age his "habitual condition of mind" was "a state of spiritual disease in which falsehood is to the sufferer what alcohol is to the dipsomaniac." But the "prize for French," the copy of Victor Hugo, which this depraved old man imagines may have had such an influence on the destiny of English letters? I really cannot make out whether Mr. Swinburne wishes us to believe that he did or that he did not receive a prize for French, or whether this was or was not the identical book that he had under his arm on the real or imaginary occasion: and I agree with him that the "point is too pitifully insignificant for consideration."

As regards the other anecdote, about Mr. Swinburne's reception of Mr. Scott's compliment in his *Dedicatio Poetica*, I am glad to find that there is no conflict of recollections. Mr. Swinburne repeats in effect what Mr. Scott records, that he accepted the allusion as "a compliment to his personal appearance." Only he considers it necessary to explain at elaborate length that he meant this as a joke or jokelet, and to assure us that this Scotorum Scotissimus or auto-Scot did not see it in its true inwardness. I have my doubts on this last point, but Mr. Swinburne must know; and it certainly deserves to be branded as "the last, worst, and most comical instance" of the malignant old man's "infirmity."

Mr. Sharp, who is generous enough to admit that Mr. Scott's Notes, with all their faults, "are a fascinating addition to autobiographical literature," and that "the author shows one essential quality of the successful prose writer—that of the power to depict a scene with swift touch and bold outlines," counsels me to "prune the two volumes of their misstatements." I am most willing to prune, but I must first have the misstatements pointed out. Mr. Sharp says that he is familiar with "the authentic record, even though it be for the most part at second hand." But I am afraid he is not quite cautious enough in his acceptance of authorities. Perhaps Mr. Theodore Watts will yet assist me. But I could not undertake to "amplify," as Mr. Sharp also advises.

W. Minto.

P.S.—By the way, Mr Sharp says that Mr. Scott confided to him "on the spot" the true explanation of certain mysterious sounds heard at Penkill Castle one autumn after Mr. Rossetti's departure, and avers his fear that "the episode has been wittingly clad in mystery and never undressed again!" Would Mr. Sharp mind telling what the true explanation is, because though I often discussed the mystery with Mr. Scott and Miss Boyd, and we were all agreed that there must be some physical explanation, we could never hit upon a satisfactory one?

"COUVADE"—THE GENESIS OF AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL TERM.

Oxford: Dec. 6, 1892.

In the Academy of November 19, Dr. Murray renews his attempt of October 29 to prove that my introduction of the word *couvade* into English is an abuse.

This time he brings in the authority of the distinguished French philologist, M. Julien Vinson, whose essay on "La Couvade chez les Basques" appears in the *Etudes de Linguistique et d'Ethnographie* of Hovelacque and Vinson (Paris: 1878). Dr. Murray says he has been interested to find that Prof. Vinson had in 1878 reached the same conclusions as himself as to the reputed evidence for the "couvade" in Béarn. These conclusions of Dr. Murray's are, to put them shortly, that the statements of the various authors who have alleged the existence in modern ages in Béarn of the custom of male child-bed, and called it there by the name *couvade*, are no evidence, the story being "a literary or pseudo-scientific myth." It seemed to me surprising that M. Vinson, who knows the subject extremely well and has added much to our knowledge of it, should have committed himself to such an opinion; and when I looked again at his essay, I found that Dr. Murray has misunderstood him. M. Vinson criticises, in my opinion far too adversely, the statements as to the custom among the modern Basques; but when he comes to Béarn he does not deny it there, and accepts the word for it as genuine: "la plupart des auteurs qui ont parlé de cette coutume étrange l'attribuent aux Béarnais, dont le patois a fourni même le mot caractéristique de *couvade*." His judgment thus goes to support the usual opinion, which I for one have always held, that *couvade*—or, as Cordier writes it, *coubade*—is an old Béarnese term for an old Béarnese custom, which is just what Dr. Murray denies. Nor is M. Vinson the only French writer whom he has treated thus. He declares that M. Bladé, in his *Etudes sur l'origine des Basques*, called the Béarn couvade story an "imposture historique." This is quite incorrect; for it was about Chaho's Basque stories, and not about the statements as to Béarn at all, that M. Bladé used this expression of disbelief.

This is a matter which touches a far larger public than those who care about the history of a quaint old custom and its name. My own impression, and that of others interested in the New English Dictionary who have spoken to me, is that such extension of its editorial work into independent research is not likely to answer well. If a lexicographer, already overburdened with his duties, hastily takes up outlying philological problems which require for their treatment time and care and knowledge of the subject-matter of each, he will produce work going beyond the needs and possibilities of a dictionary, but not far enough to count for much as research. I do not like having to remonstrate thus with Dr. Murray, for whose philological ability I have full respect. But in my former letter I seem not to have spoken plainly enough. When I answered his theory (that the word *couvade* came from a comic poem of 1790) by pointing out that I had long ago given a reference to its occurrence in a French book of 1658, I thought that the matter was settled. Not so; he returns to the fight as if nothing serious had happened, withdraws the comic poet theory, and substitutes a different one, which is another guess. So unconscious is he of the irony of the situation that, at the moment when he is in the act of shifting from one theory disproved to a contradictory one not established, he expresses a wish "that men of science, before making new words or giving new senses to old words, would ask the advice of students of language who may know the history of the old or have a word of counsel as to the form of the new."

I have only to add that I do not intend to write further on this subject.

Edward B. Tylor.

THE OBIT OF ST. COLUMBA.

Tottenham: Dec. 4, 1892.

Many and grievous have been the schisms in the Christian Church with respect to the celebration of the Paschal feast. Nearly all, if not quite all, have received investigation; but it has been reserved to Dr. MacCarthy to discover others in the Alexandrian celebration, or rather, perhaps, I should say, to indicate them in his letter (Academy, December 3).

The Paschal year of the Alexandrians commenced, Dr. MacCarthy tells us in a footnote, wherein he divulges the Canon containing the Easter formula used by me, on March 23. At the present day, Dr. MacCarthy would, I presume, raise no objection to the celebration of Easter on March 22; neither would St. Cyril have raised any in the fifth century. Consequently, when the first of the Paschal moon, the eighth day of March, and the first day of the week coincided, the Alexandrians celebrated their Easter on March 22, which, according to Dr. MacCarthy, was the last day of their Paschal year. In A.D. 604 this occurred; and the Paschal year of the Alexandrians, which was current, according to the computation of Dr. MacCarthy, from March 23, 603, to March 22,

604, witnessed two celebrations of the Paschal feast. The only sanction that could be found for such a proceeding is in the careless observance by the Jews, in early centuries, of two Paschs before the same vernal equinox. In the Paschal year, however, current from March 23, 604, to March 22, 605 (Dr. MacCarthy's computation), there was no celebration of Easter. Can Dr. MacCarthy inform us how the Alexandrians escaped the charge of abominable, and at the same time ridiculous, heresy involved in their having a Paschal year without a Pasch? A schism so formidable could hardly have escaped notice. Will Dr. MacCarthy please explain.

Dr. MacCarthy's conjecture in the same note, that the lunar regular of April is 10, because the Paschal year is ten days old on April 1, is a very crude and a very insufficient one. The Paschal year would at least commence as early as the first possible Easter day, *i.e.*, March 22. On April 1, by Dr. MacCarthy's reckoning, the Paschal year is, in this case, eleven days old; and if his reasoning be correct, namely, that the age of the year in days gives the lunar regular of April, then that regular ought to be 11. But it is not 11. *Mirus computandi preceptor*, which, being interpreted, is that Dr. MacCarthy has not mastered the bearings of the epacts, does not understand the regulares, and has not subjected his notion respecting these to the strain of the embolisms. Dr. MacCarthy mentions a paper on the aid he derives from the epacts in correcting A.D. misdating in the Ulster Annals. "How far it is effective may be judged from the fact that" Dr. MacCarthy has "amended the Ulster Annals without full knowledge of their fundamental data" in so far as the exact significance of the epact is concerned.

Dr. MacCarthy complains that I have shown in a "roundabout" way what nobody denies, and then proceeds to set the matter out in a direct manner from a Table by omitting the dominical G from the description of the year 580, and by writing "Easter not later than March 25." The discovery of the xiv. of each possible paschal moon can only be made by calculation, and the manner in which I performed that calculation was a necessary one. Dr. MacCarthy ignores the coincidence of British and Irish custom exhibited in the calculation made respecting the year 631. Dr. MacCarthy asserts that "I seem unaware that the reckoning used in Iona down to 716 was admittedly the cycle of eighty-four years." In my letter of November 19 (ACADEMY), I quoted from a chapter in Moore's *History of Ireland*; if Dr. MacCarthy had read that chapter, he would have found it needless to assume that I was unaware of what had been "admitted." The peculiarity in diction contained in the phrase, "the reckoning used in Iona down to 716 was admittedly," is noteworthy. Dr. MacCarthy is clearly not as certain about the eighty-four years' cycle as he is about the first day of the Alexandrian Paschal year. The monks of Iona either kept Easter by the cycle of eighty-four years or they did not. Dr. MacCarthy, in "admitting" that they did, without submitting proof, is merely wasting time. The eighty-four years' cycle indicated celebrations of Easter on March 22, 23, 24, none of which days would the British and Irish have accepted. In addition to this, the Irish celebrated, when compelled, on the xiii. of the moon. As they did not keep the Easter indicated, how could they have obeyed the cycle, and what benefit will accrue from "admitting" that they did? Dr. MacCarthy's reasoning appears to be that:—I am unaware that he admits (in company with others) that the Irish used the eighty-four year cycle; that Cummian points out the differences between the cycle and the calculation of xix.; consequently, it lies upon me to compute according to the cycle of eighty-four, and until I do this, my conclusion must remain a "nebulous hypothesis."

We can discover the differences between the cycles without the intervention of Cummian, who does not say that the Irish used the cycle of eighty-four. Hence, detaching this appendage from the chain of Dr. MacCarthy's reasoning, we find that it amounts to this:—Because he and others "admit" (and be it observed have not yet proved) I, and those who, like me, await proof, must assume that he and others who "admit" with him are right. The logic of Dr. MacCarthy is as nebulous as the necessity he is desirous of binding me down to is hypothetical.

A certain refraction of statement made to him in reply is expected of a critic, though not enjoined upon him. Dr. MacCarthy, in speaking of my "admission of having mistaken the Solar Cycle of twenty-eight years for the Lunar of nineteen," oversteps the bounds within which the critic is free to indulge. I have not made any such admission. Neither did I tender the supplementary statement as a proof. Dr. MacCarthy must really pay more attention to the letters he criticises than he does to his proof slips. In objecting to the appearance of "Tigernach," Dr. MacCarthy forgets that, if four-fifths of his own criticisms revolve around that very late writer, Charles Maguire, something more than four-fifths of my paper was devoted to the annalist whose work Maguire reproduces, and who lived four hundred years nearer the time of St. Columba.

Dr. MacCarthy, in his last paragraph, professes to believe that I, in correcting an hagiographical writer who gives neither century nor year, have formed a criterion for the treatment and correction of practised annalists who, in historic times, provide the century, the year, the month, the day of the month, and the day of the week. My critic would have better employed his space in considering the *feriae* provided in my letter of November 19, than in emitting a criticism *pour rire*. When Dr. MacCarthy has reconciled the *feriae* referred to, and when he has demolished the figures relating to the Easter* of 631, I shall be glad to endeavour to make criticism easier by doing my best to prove that St. Patrick reached Ireland in A.D. 433.

A. ANSCOMBE.

* The authority for my statement that the Irish did not celebrate later than April 21 is—Article, "Easter," *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, vol. E, p. 595, col. b.

DANTE'S "GUIZZANTE"—THE MEDIAEVAL PORT OF WISSANT.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Nov. 17, 1892.

In describing the embankment on the borders of the river Phlegethon in Hell, Dante compares it to the dykes built by the Flemings along the sea coast between "Guizzante" and Bruges:—

"Quale i Fiamminghi tra Guizzante e Bruggia,
Temendo il fiotto che ver lor s'avventa,
Fanno lo schermo, perchè il mar si fuggia."
(*Inf.* xv. 4-6.)

Most modern commentators assume that Dante is here speaking of Cadsand—a place in the Netherlands, in the province of Zeeland, about fifteen miles N.E. of Bruges—on the authority apparently of Lodovico Guicciardini, who in his description of the Low Countries (written in the sixteenth century) says of that place:—

"Quest' è quel medesimo luogo, del quale il nostro gran poeta Dante fa menzione nel quintodecimo capitolo dell' Inferno, chiamandolo scorettamente, forse per errore di stampa, *Guizzante*" (see Philalethes and Lubin *in loc*).

On the strength of this statement it has been proposed to read *Cassante*, for which, however, there appears to be no MS. authority, the only variants recorded by Witte being *Guzzante* and *Guanto*—the latter an obvious error.

The objections to identifying "Guizzante" with Cadsand are, as Mr. A. J. Butler has pointed out, twofold—firstly, Cadsand is not, and never has been, within the boundaries of Flanders; secondly, where it is mentioned by contemporary Italian writers (as, for instance, Villani, *Lib.* xi. *Cap.* 70) it is called *Gaggiante*. On the other hand, "Guizzante" is the undoubted Italian form of Wissant, a place between Calais and Cape Grisnez. This is proved by a reference to Villani, who, in recording the movements of Edward III. after Crecy, describes how he marched along the coast and successively attacked Montreuil, Boulogne, Wissant, and Calais:—

"Partito il re Adoardo dal campo di Creci ove avea avuta la detta vittoria, ed essendo con sua oste a Mosteruolo, credendolosi avere, ch'era della contea e dote della madre, la terra era bene guernita per lo re di Francia de' molti Franceschi rifuggiti dalla sconfitta; si si difesono, e non la potè avere: guastolla intorno, e poi n'andò a Bologna in su lo mare, e fece il somigliante. Poi ne venne a Guizzante, e perchè non era murato, il rubò tutto; e poi vi mise fuoco, e tutta la villa guastarono. E poi ne vennono a Calese, e quello era murato e afforzato, e dieronvi battaglia più volte e nol poterono avere" (xii. 68).

All this district at that period formed part of Flanders, as there is abundant evidence to show. (See quotations below.) The identification of the Italian "Guizzante" with Wissant is further assured by the Provençal form *Guissan*, which occurs in one of the "Complaints" of Bertran de Born for the death of the "Young King" (son of Henry II. of England). After saying that England, Normandy, Brittany, Ireland, Aquitaine, Gascony, Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, are all affected by his loss, he continues: "Let France not refrain from weeping even as far as Compiègne; nor Flanders from Ghent to the port of Wissant; let even Germany weep!"

"Englés e Norman,
Breto e Irlan,
Guian e Gasco
E Angeus pren dan
E Maines e Tors;
Fransa tro Compenha
De plorar nos tenha,
E Flandres de Gan
Trol port de *Guissan*;
Ploren neis li Aleman."

Again, we have in Old French the almost identical form, *Guitsand*, which occurs in the *Chanson de Roland*, in the description of the great earthquake just before the death of Roland—"from Besançon to the port of Wissant, not a building but had its walls cracked":

"De Besençun tresqu'as porz de *Guitsand* (*var.* Wissant),
Nen ad recet dunt murs ne cravent."
(Verses 1429-30.)

Wissant was a place of great importance in the Middle Ages, as being the port *par excellence* through which passed the traffic between England and the Continent. It has been identified with the *Portus Itius*, whence Caesar crossed over into Britain; and it appears, from the constant references to it in the Chronicles and in Old French poems, to have been used continuously as the most convenient port of departure for England down to the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the destruction of the town (which Froissart calls "une grosse ville") by Edward III. caused the adjacent port of Boulogne to be used in its stead, the English themselves, after the taking of Calais in 1347, making use of the latter port.

In illustration of what has been said above, I subjoin a few passages which I have come across in various Anglo-Norman poems:

King Arthur embarks at Wissant on his way home to chastise the traitor Mordred:

"Artus oï, et bien savoit
Que Mordret foi ne li portoit . . .
En Bretaigne retorneroit . . .
Et de Mordret se vengeroit . . .
Ensi vint Artus à *Wissant* (*var.* Guingant)
Del parjure Mordret plaignant."
(Wace: *Roman de Brut*, vv. 13,437 ff.)

While at Wissant, waiting to embark for England in 1170, Becket is warned that danger awaits him on the other side of the Channel:

"Milun s'en vient ki ert serjant
Au passagëur de *Withsant*:
'Sire volez ke voirs vus cunte
De part mun seignur le cunte
De Buloine? Armée gent
De la mer par mal vus atent."
(*Fragments d'une Vie de Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry*, ed. Paul Meyer, p. 23.)

Becket crosses in 1170, from Wissant to Sandwich, avoiding Dover for fear of his foes:

"De sun païs veeir aveit gran desirrier . . .
A *Huitsand* est venuz, ala par le graver,
Pur esgarder l'oré et pur esbaneier. . . .
Sainz Thomas l'endemain en une nef entra;
Deus li dona boen vent; à Sanwiz ariva.
Kar l'arriver de Dovre, pur la gueit, eschiva."
(Garnier de Pont-Sainte-Maxence: *Vie de Saint Thomas de Canterbury*, vv. 4,561 ff.)

The "Young King" and William the Marshal cross from Dover to Wissant on their return to the Continent in 1175:

"Tot dreit à Dovre s'aveierent;
A mer entrerent maintenant,
Si ariverent à *Wizant*."
(*Guillaume le Maréchal*, vv. 2436-8.)

Also in the fourteenth-century Anglo-Norman romance of the outlaw *Fulk Fitz-Warenne* we read how Fulk and his companions, fleeing from the wrath of King John, made for Dover, and crossed over to Wissant on their way to Paris:

"Fouke tant erra nuyt et jour qu'il vynt à Dovre; e yleqe encontra Baudwyn . . . E se minstrent en meer, e aryverent à *Whytsond*."

For the following, which are extracted from various chronicles and other sources, I am indebted to the dissertation of Ducange on the Portus Itius (*Glossarium*, vol. x., pp. 96-100. About 569, St. Wlgan, a companion of St. Columban, crossing from England "appulit ad portum *Witsan* appellatum, qui videlicet locus ex albentis sabuli interpretatione tale sortitur vocabulum." Here we get a suggestion as to the origin of the name—viz., *White-sand*, which is repeated by another author: "Ab albedine arenae vulgari nomine appellatur *Vintsand*."

In 933 Aethelstan's brother, being banished, crosses over "angusto scilicet a Doeria in *Withsand* mari."

About 1069 the Abbot of Saint Riquier, being minded to visit the English property of the monastery, "ad maris ingressum properavit quem nominant plebeiales *Guizant*" (here again we have a form almost identical with the Italian *Guizzante*).

In 1097 St. Anselm on his way to Rome "*Withsandum* appulit."

In 1110 Henry I. sends his daughter Matilda on her way to wed the Emperor Henry V., "a Dovere usque ad *Witsand*."

In 1179 Henry II., on his return from France, "navem ascendens apud *Witsand*, in Angliam rediit."

In 1187 Henry II., crossing back to France just before his death, "applicuit apud *Witsand in Flandria*" (here we have the express statement that Wissant was in Flanders, as again below).

During the reign of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, John, crossing over to France, "Applicuit *in Flandria apud Wissand*."

It is needless to give any further examples. The above are sufficient to practically establish the identity of "Guizzante" with Wissant, both as regards the form of the word and the situation of the place itself. I need only remark in conclusion that, since the name of the port of Wissant must have been perfectly well known all over the Continent in Dante's time, it is quite unnecessary—*pace* certain recent theorisers—to assume that the poet had been there in person, in order to account for his mention of it.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO PETER.

Sparsholt Vicarage, Wantage: Dec. 2, 1892.

Dr. Swete has wisely put within the reach of students the newly discovered fragment of the apocryphal Gospel of Peter. It affords many opportunities for conjecture as to the real text of the passage. I should like to suggest one or two readings which do not quite agree with those of Dr. Swete.

P. 10, l. 22. *περιήρχοντο δὲ πολλοὶ μετὰ λύχνων, νομίζοντες ὅτι νύξ ἐστιν· [τινὲς δὲ] ἐπέσαντο.*

Here Dr. Swete has to insert two words. I would read:

περιήρχοντο δὲ πολλοὶ μετὰ λύχνων· νομίζοντες ὅτι νύξ ἐστιν ἐξίσταντο.

As a confirmation of this reading, we have later on *ἐπίσαντας* (p. 12, l. 11) for *ἐπιστάντας.*

P. 12, l. 16. *παρῆσαν γὰρ καὶ αὐτοὶ* (cod. *ἄν οἱ*) *φυλάσσοντες.*

ἄλλοι seems a better reading; it explains the presence of the *οἱ πρεσβύτέροι* mentioned just before.

P. 12, l. 20. *τὴν δὲ χεῖρα τοῦ [ὑπορθου]μένου* (cod. *τὸν δὲ χεῖρα τῷ τουμένου*) *ὑπ' αὐτῶν ὑπερβαίνουσαν τοὺς οὐρανούς.*

For this I would suggest, as approaching more nearly to the original text—

τὸν δὲ χειραγωγούμενον ὑπ' αὐτῶν ὑπερβαίνοντα τοὺς οὐρανούς.

It is easy, I think, to see that the reading *ὑπερβαίνουσαν* was an afterthought after the earlier words had been corrupted.

P. 13, l. 3. Dr. Swete leaves *ἀπανιῶντες*—a most unusual form—alone; surely *ἀγωνιῶντες* fits in better with the context.

HENRY A. REDPATH.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 11, 4 p.m. Sunday Lecture: "The Duality of the Mind," by Dr. B. W. Richardson, with Lantern Illustrations.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Moral Ideas in the Book of Isaiah: Three Stages in Ethical Conception," by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter.

MONDAY, Dec. 12, 5 p.m. London Institution: Travers Lecture, "Water Supply, Pollution of Water, Drinking Water," by Major Lamorock Flower.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Generation of Light from Coal Gas," IV., by Prof. Vivian Lewes.

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, 8 p.m. Chemical: "Jean Servais Stas, and the Measurement of the Relative Masses of the Atoms of the Chemical Elements," by Prof. J. W. Mallett.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Manufacture of Small Arms," by Mr. John Rigby; "Gas Power for Electric Lighting," by Mr. J. Emerson Dowson.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Notes on British Guiana," by Mr. Everard F. im Thurn, with Limelight Illustrations.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 14, 4.30 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: General Meeting.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Utilisation of Niagara," by Prof. George Forbes.

THURSDAY, Dec. 15, 6 p.m. London Institution: "Ants: A Study of Sociology and Politics among Insects," illustrated, by the Rev. Dr. Dallinger.
8 p.m. Linnean: "The Genera of Taxacea and Conifera," by Dr. Maxwell T. Masters; "The Affinities of the Genus Madrepora," by Mr. George Brook.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The Identity of Caffeine and Theine," by Messrs. W. R. Dunstan and W. F. J. Shepheard; "Studies on Isomeric Change—1, 2, 3, Orthoxylene, Sulphonic Acid, Phenetolsulphonic Acid," by Dr. Moody.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "Notes on the Family of Beton in connexion with some Royal Letters of James VI." (originals exhibited), by Mr. H. Elliot Malden; and "Strafford in the Star Chamber," by Mr. Hubert Hall.

SCIENCE.

RIBBECK'S HISTORY OF LATIN POETRY.

GESCHICHTE DER RÖMISCHEN DICHTUNG. Von Otto Ribbeck.—III. *Dichtung der Kaiserzeit.* (Stuttgart.)

THE third volume of Prof. Ribbeck's History of Latin Poetry completes the work, except for the "learned supplements" which, in order not to interfere with the character of the book, are reserved for a distinct volume. It begins with the writer whom, on very slight authority, we have agreed to call Manilius, and closes with Namatianus. Hence Prof. Ribbeck does not touch on any of the Christian Latin poets, though both chronologically and on the ground of literary merit Prudentius might claim not to be omitted if Ausonius and Claudian are included. But the reasons for drawing the line, as it has been drawn, are obvious and plausible. The continuity of the tradition is broken when the new thoughts with which Christianity had filled the world are seen struggling for a while to find expression in the old literary forms. It is less easy to see what excuse there is for the inclusion of a tolerably full account of the life and works of Apuleius. The plea put forward is that he wrote "a poetical prose"; the real reasons seem to be the attraction which this "interesting man" had for the author and the irresistible temptation to give an account of his adventurous romance. Anyhow the sketch of Apuleius is so good that we cannot wish it away.

Of late days the temptation has been to speak and write with undisguised and unmitigated contempt of almost all the Latin poets of the imperial time. Perhaps this is a natural reaction against the unqualified and uncritical admiration which it was at one time equally a matter of fashion to show; but certainly the mark is not hit in that way. Beside evident faults of taste there are abundant traces of power, of grace, of learning, and of fancy; and the best critic is he who best helps us to discover them. Prof. Ribbeck is no *advocatus diaboli*: he does not make it his mission, as some do, to show how worthless are the writers to whose study he has devoted a life time. His criticism is as genial as it is vigorous; and no one can rise from reading his book without a better appreciation of the merits, as well as the faults, of the poets of whom he treats. There is nothing that is very novel in the book: it is too sound and accurate for that; but it is admirably adapted as a narrative at once lively and trustworthy for the general reader. A good deal of space is still devoted to the analysis of the chief poetical works; and a practice, which was sometimes a little wearisome in the case of Vergil and Horace, is welcome enough with Statius or Claudian. As might have been expected, Prof. Ribbeck does not withdraw

his condemnation of Satires X. and XII.-XV. of Juvenal, in spite of the little assent which it has as yet commanded. He is not willing "to take the poet, faults and all," as Dr. Schanz in his recently published History of Roman Literature bids us do. He doubts the genuineness and relevance of the famous Aquinum inscription, and declines to unravel the inextricable confusion in which the anonymous "Lives" leave us by their contradictory accounts. But he does not reject the story of Juvenal's banishment as positively as Dr. Schanz is inclined to do.

There are here and there a few points on which the reader will look with interest for the discussion of the "learned supplement." But the work is not intended for students. Their needs have been met abundantly by Teuffel, especially now that English readers can use his book in the vastly improved form which we owe to Prof. Warr. Or if Teuffel is still (not without excuse) found to be too dry for mortal man to read, there is now Dr. Schanz's work, which is as learned as Teuffel's and much more interesting. Prof. Ribbeck's History of Latin Poetry is essentially a popular work, but one of the best kind, written by a scholar who is himself a first-rate authority on much of the ground which it covers. It fully satisfies the expectations which were aroused by its announcement, and is a worthy supplement to the author's other contributions to our knowledge of Latin literature.

A. S. Wilkins.

PHOTO-MICROGRAPHS OF WHEAT.

The Structure of Wheat shown in a Series of Photo-Micrographs. With Explanatory Remarks. By Robert W. Dunham. (Published for the Author, at 24, Mark-lane, E.C.)

A photo-micrograph, it may be as well to premise, is the reproduction by photography of any object as magnified by a microscope. Photo-micrography essentially consists in the collaboration of the microscope and photographic camera, and thus the image shown by the microscopic lens is transferred to and recorded by the photographic plate. The album under review contains twenty-one photographs of different parts of the wheat plant, obtained in several instances under high powers. We have used the term album, as this volume, of which the printing, binding, and general execution leave nothing to be desired, is rather a gallery of illustration than a formal treatise. In his concise and lucid introduction, the author enumerates the chief points in which, as he believes, new light has been thrown upon the structure and constitution of the wheat plant by photo-micrography. For the rest, his explanatory text is elaborate in its symplicity, but is perfectly clear in nearly every case.

So far as we are aware, this is the first collection of photo-micrographs of wheat which has been presented to the world. It should be remembered that the existing diagrams of the inner structure of wheat, in so far as they profess to represent microscopic views, are the work of memory. The artist committed to paper, with as much accuracy as he could command, his recollection of the image revealed to him by the microscope or magnifying lens; but under such conditions, details perfectly correct were obviously impossible. Mr. Carruthers, referring to the work of Francis Bauer—whose drawings are preserved in the British Museum, and have been reproduced by the Royal Agricultural Society—has remarked: "no more careful study nor faithful representation of wheat have ever been made"; but a comparison of the section of a wheat straw nodule (magnified sixteen diameters) forming plate 7, with the same section in Bauer's drawings (sheet viii.) will at once give a measure of the superior scientific value of photo-micrography in botanical study. Again, take the integuments of the wheat berry. Hitherto, five distinct coverings have been assigned to the endosperm: namely, the epidermis, epicarp, endocarp, episperm, and embryonic membrane; whereas a careful study of these photographs seems to show that the five skins are but three distinct and separate organisms (see plates 13 to 19). The beautiful photographs, 8, 9, 10, and 11 enable us to trace the process of fertilisation, even to the withering of the stigma on its completion, almost as fully as if we stood in a wheat field, a powerful magnifying glass in hand. Very clear is the structure of the beard. Its hairs are hollow (see plates 13 and 22), and act as conduits, removing superfluous moisture, and thus preventing fermentations, which might injure the floury constituents of the berry. At the base of the crease, embedded in the middle skin, and folded between the outer and the inner skins, is an organ to which Mr. Dunham has given the name "placenta" (see plates 22, 23, 25, and 26), presumably because it is furnished with a cord running downwards through the straw. Apparently the function of the placenta is to filter for the use of the berry the mineral matters that are drawn from the soil by the cord, as may be seen in these photographs. Mineral matter undigested by the placenta remains in the furrow of the berry, and is known to millers as "crease dirt."

Mr. Dunham traverses orthodox teachings as to the respective form and distribution of the two main constituents of the endosperm—the gluten and starch. In his opinion, the so-called gluten cells, which cluster round the periphery of the berry, contain no gluten at all, but mainly cerealine, that lactic ferment to which Mège-Mouriès was, we believe, the first to direct attention. These cells, so far as their outward appearance is in question, have been well described by Wittmack. He says:—

"The gluten cells are the outermost cells of the floury kernel. They form a belt of stout walled cells arranged fanwise, and afford considerable protection to the berry. In a longitudinal or cross section they appear as quadrates; viewed from the surface as they meet our eye in the bran, they are seen to have four, five or six sides, and to be joined one to the other after the manner of paving stones."

The remarkable accuracy of these observations is manifest on a glance at plates 20 and 21. On the other hand, Wittmack, as indeed Berthold and others who have studied the structure of wheat with the microscope, saw nothing but gluten in these cells. If that were the only location for this nitrogenous substance, the problem would be perfectly simple, because in that case the miller's labour would result in eliminating the gluten from the flour, and depositing it in the bran sack; whereas experience has shown that a white flour, that is to say a flour from which the bran walls have been all but eliminated, may be as rich in gluten as any baker can desire. The question is: Can gluten be found, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once? But if we admit that hypothesis, there is this difficulty, that gluten, as revealed by these photographs, is a body possessing (like starch) a well-defined form; and that its presence in the so-called gluten cells would argue a modification of that form which is contrary to the whole analogy of wheat anatomy. Mr. Dunham defines the endosperm as consisting "of gluten walls and starch," and this definition is strongly supported by plates 12, 20, and 21. Of especial interest is plate 12. That was obtained by cutting a slice near the crease, and magnifying the section twelve diameters. Here the endosperm is clearly seen to consist of a fine net, of which the meshes are packed with granules; owing to the tenuity of the material, many of the granules at the bottom right hand corner broke away, and dropped out, but the webbing remained intact. That is entirely in accordance with the respective natures of starch and gluten: the former substance is light and friable, the latter is viscous and more or less elastic. Gluten, as seen in the light of photo-micrography, appears to play a part in the structure of wheat analogous to the girders of a bridge, or it might be compared to the tendons of the human frame. But what then becomes of the gluten granules which Wittmack and his predecessors have described? Mr. Dunham would doubtless reply that those investigators had mistaken starch for gluten granules, which in his scheme have no existence at all. A clear idea of the differentiation in the forms of the main constituents of the wheat berry will be obtained from plate 21, which shows a section through the skins and endosperm. Here may be plainly traced the dividing walls of gluten, while the oval-shaped starch granules are in strong contrast to the smaller and globular granules—held by the author to be cerealine—which lie closely packed in the peripheral cells.

A speculation naturally raised in the mind by these photographs is whether we may not seek in photo-micrography a sure index to the commercial value of wheat. In a rough way the miller can tell from the outward appearance of grain whether it is likely to prove a hard or soft bargain, but the camera gives us an exact characterisation of the constituents of the floury kernel. Is it too much to expect that further experiments and careful observation will, at no distant date, enable the miller's chemist to distinguish between "rotten gluten" and gluten of sound quality, that is, of tensile strength? All things in this world bear their character on their face to those who know how to read the signs. If that anticipation be in any measure fulfilled, then will this work prove of as much practical value as it is of distinct scientific interest.

SCIENCE NOTES.

An extraordinary meeting of the Chemical Society will be held on Tuesday next, December 13, the anniversary of the death of Jean Servius Stas, when Prof. J. W. Mallett has undertaken to deliver a lecture upon Stas's great work, "The Measurement of the Relative Masses of the Atoms of the Chemical Elements."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will publish immediately under the title *Pioneers of Science*, a popular account, by Prof. Oliver Lodge, of the rise and progress of astronomy. The work is largely biographical, and will be fully illustrated with portraits and diagrams.

At the meeting of the Aristotelian Society on Monday, December 19, Prof. A. R. Greenhill, of the London Mathematical Society, will read a paper on "The Measurement of Space, Time, and Matter."

At the meeting of the London Institution, on Thursday next, at 6 p.m., the Rev. Dr. Dallinger will give an illustrated lecture on "Ants: A Study of Sociology and Politics among Insects."

The second series of lectures given by the Sunday Lecture Society begins on Sunday next, December 11, when Dr. W. B. Richardson will lecture on "The Duality of the Mind," in St. George's Hall, Langham-place, at 4 p.m. Lectures will subsequently be given by Dr. Percy Frankland, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, Mr. R. W. Frazer, Prof. Vivian B. Lewes, Mr. Eric Bruce, and Sir James Crichton Browne.

At the general monthly meeting of the Royal Institution, on Monday last, the special thanks of the members were returned to Mr. Ludwig Mond, for a further donation to the fund for carrying on investigations upon liquid oxygen.

The Great World's Farm. By Selina Gaye. (Seeley.) A sentence of Mr. H. Drummond's *Tropical Africa* supplies a hint for the somewhat affected title of this book. He looks upon the world as "one vast garden," a farm with no visible tiller of the soil. Here Miss Gaye adds another to the multitude of books which describe the curious adaptations of bird, beast, or flower to their surroundings. She has written carefully and made a wide selection of instances, and the whole 350 pages of her book are crammed with facts and interesting teachings on natural history. Whether for a class book or a prize, this volume, thanks to its illustrations, is equally to be commended. Most of Miss Gaye's examples are chosen from modern books, so that it furnishes a stimulating introduction to many discoveries of recent physical science. Its adult reader, as he remembers the meagre compendiums which professed to interest pupils in natural history thirty or forty years ago, may well deem modern children happy who are taught from such a work.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

The King of Sweden and Norway has offered a gold medal for the best essay on the following subject: "A Comparative Treatment of the Grammatical Forms peculiar to the Rig-Veda, Yagur-Veda, Sâma-Veda, and Atharva-Veda, distinguishing the Forms peculiar to the Mantras, Brâhmanas, and Upanishads." MSS. should be sent to Prof. Max Müller, at Oxford, not later than March 1, 1894. The prize will be awarded at the Oriental Congress to be held at Geneva in September of that year. The following scholars have consented to act as judges: Prof. Lanman, of Harvard; M. Victor Henry, of Paris; and Prof. Oldenberg, of Kiel.

A Sanskrit English Dictionary, for the use of both scholars and students, by Prof. A. A. Macdonell, has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. Though not much more than one-third of the size of Sir Monier Williams's Dictionary, it contains many words in every page not to be found in that work. All words are transliterated, the accent and derivation also being given. No other Sanskrit Dictionary combines these advantages.

An Avesta Grammar in comparison with Sanskrit. By A. V. Williams Jackson. (Stuttgart: Kohlhammer.) This book is a fitting supplement, or instalment of a supplement, to the completion, five years ago, of Darmesteter and Mills' monumental translation of the Avesta in the "Sacred Books of the East." The English student of Zend has hitherto had nothing to supply the place which De Harlez's *Manuel de la Langue de l'Avesta* holds for the French student or Geiger's *Handbuch der Awestasprache* for the German. Mr. Jackson has now supplied one portion of our needs, and given us an "Accidence" which for completeness and exhaustiveness may compete even with Bartholomae's *Handbuch der Altiranischen Dialekte.* He is a pupil of Prof. Geldner, perhaps the greatest living Zendist, and has made good use of his opportunities; he neglects no fact, however minute, in the language, and puts every fact in the clearest way possible. He promises shortly to complete his work by a volume on Zend syntax and metre; and when he has done so, if only Prof. Geldner will complete his issue of the text and Dr. Stein will give us his long-promised dictionary of the language, the student of Zend will be better equipped for his work than the student of most languages. The general get-up of the book, it is but just to add, reflects great credit on the Stuttgart firm which has produced it; the printing is a marvel of clearness and accuracy. The price is only 3s.

"Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek." *Sammlungen von assyrischen und babylonischen Texten in Umschrift und Uebersetzung.* Edited by E. Schrader. Vol. III., Part 1. (Berlin: Reuther.) This useful work, of which Prof. Schrader is the editor, is approaching its conclusion. The historical inscriptions of Assyria and later Babylonia have already been placed before the modern reader in transliteration and translation, and the newly-issued volume does the same for the Sumerian inscriptions of the older Babylonian kings. In the fourth volume the editor and his contributors will make a new departure, and deal with the religious and legal cuneiform texts. The Sumerian inscriptions of Tello have been translated by Dr. Jensen, who has also translated the texts which belong to the reign of Khammurabi, as well as the inscription of "Agumkakrimi." The Sumerian inscriptions of the "kings of Sumer and Accad" have been entrusted to Dr. Winckler. We are grateful to Dr. Jensen for the abundant notes which he has supplied; it is only a pity that other contributors have not followed his example. His translations of the Tello inscriptions are based on those made by M. Arthur Amiaud for the *Records of the Past,* and are not always improvements upon the latter. The transliteration of the Sumerian texts is a bold and arduous undertaking; as the author himself says, it is inevitable that in the present state of our knowledge older and newer forms must be mixed together. The attempt, however, is praiseworthy, and in such cases "the beginning is half the whole." To the historian of the ancient kingdoms in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, the first three volumes of the *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek* will be indispensable.

A most excellent and useful series of pocket Grammars and Dictionaries is being published by Hoepli at Milan. Among the latest are a Roumanian Grammar and Vocabulary by Prof. Lovera and a Grammar and Dictionary of the Galla languages by Prof. Viterbo (*Grammatica Rumena coll' Aggiunta d'un Vocabolario delle Voci piu usuali; Grammatica e Dizionario della Lingua Oromonica*). The Dictionary is in two parts, the first being Galla-Italian, and the second Italian-Galla. The sketch of the grammar is prefixed to the second part. Both Grammar and Dictionary are based on the labours of Chiarini and Léon des Avanchers, and have already been published in another form in Cecchi's "Da Zeila alle frontiere del Caffa." In their new form they have been somewhat modified, as well as enlarged by the addition of fresh material. In spite of the small and compact size of the books, the printing is good and clear, and the contents are at once practical and complete.

FINE ART.

MR. FULLEYLOVE'S "LEICESTER."

Mr. John Fulleylove has just completed, and has rightly placed on exhibition in the town whose features it illustrates, a series of water-colour drawings of Leicester and its neighbourhood. He has, as will be readily understood, approached this task equipped absolutely for its satisfactory fulfilment.

In a day when so much is changing, the desire to record a vanishing picturesqueness in his native town took hold of Mr. Fulleylove strongly, and accordingly he chronicled in the first instance something of the architectural and antiquarian beauty which is going to-day, and something of that which may be threatened to-morrow; and, having done so much, and his theme, as we may suppose, growing upon him, he sought to give completeness to the record by including something of the modern, by never shrinking from all that is considered unpicturesque and unpaintable (by weakly folk and conventional) in the cast-iron bridge, the modern fashionable suburb, the modernised main street, the lines of rail and tram-way, the vast mill that rears itself storey above storey, and by dignified proportions, as well as by mere size, dominates the town whose prosperity it must have assisted.

Thus, the life of to-day has been by no means disregarded, even by an artist so many of whose successes are associated with the more romantic life of an old world, and often of foreign parts of it. One who, more than any other painter of our period, has done justice to the beauty and the antique charm of the English University cities, and who has followed the steps of Petrarch under the skies of Provence, has felt attracted in the end, not only by the quite obvious interest of such a tower as "St. Margaret's Tower," rich with the ornateness of the fifteenth century Gothic, and such a building as the old Town Hall, but by the movement and activity of the modern town, by the sunny greensward of the public park in July weather, by the demolitions at the railway station, by the barges on a grimy canal. It would have been hard, of course, to deny to a draughtsman, whose sympathies are also largely classical, all opportunity for the exposure of that reserved beauty which lies in exquisite proportion, and in controlled and ordered elegance; and so there is here and there an exterior which brings before us the dignity of English classical work, or an interior in which, as in the drawing of the "Old Assembly Rooms," it is easy to fancy that the graceful place is once again peopled by the men and women who—pausing under the music gallery, or surveying themselves in the mirrors—might have served as models to Richardson and Jane Austen.

All these works of Mr. Fulleylove's, so comprehensive and so varied — these sixty or seventy drawings which are an abstract and brief chronicle of so many of the characteristics of his native town and of what lies around it —are in the manner of direct and vigorous records: not idealisations at all, never fanciful, always simple, energetic, and to the point—their simplicity, always learned: their energy always controlled by an instinctive good taste. More "finished," more elaborate, Mr. Fullylove has, on many occasions, permitted himself to be—he accommodates himself to his material, and understands what is the work which requires to be treated exhaustively—but never has his grip of his subject been more decisive or more immediate than in the vivid little drawings which Londoners, it is to be feared, will have but scanty opportunity of seeing. In them at all events—however much they may differ in subject and attractiveness—the unity of impression has rarely been lost; and this is

not invariably the case with the larger and more important drawings. Nothing is mechanical, superfluous, visibly laborious. With that terseness of style in the delivery of the message which demands in the recipient an alertness and intelligence which the lover of every art should be delighted to exercise—nay, should be called upon to exercise in the enjoyment of it—Mr. Fulleylove has expressed, or, at the very least, has suggested, a hundred facts which he has observed and remembered. Much of the history of the town that gave him birth, and much of its condition at this moment, is written down in his flexible and energetic draughtsmanship; and though the exhibition contains no drawing ambitions in scale or long paused over in execution, it affords evidence of the widening of his sympathies. Not only does he approve himself colourist as well as draughtsman, but, more perhaps than hitherto, he has concerned himself with the interest with which changing skies and the accidents of illumination endow such scenes as are not obviously attractive.

Frederick Wedmore.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MOERIS-FAYOUM AND LABYRINTH PAPYRI.

London: August 5, 1892.

After Dr. Pleijte had been led to republish the Papyri Nos. 1 and 2 of the Museum of Boulaq, with the Harris copy of the Labyrinth Papyrus, because my researches had, in his opinion, demolished the Moeris theory of Linant de Bellefonds, I traced the original to Nettleham Hall, Lincoln. My observations were published in the volume presented to Dr. Leemans. Among the fragments procured at the same time by Mr. Hood was a line of hieroglyphs, which says:

"The two arms of the Canal in the South, opposite Sothis and Anukis: The two arms of the canals in the North, inundating the districts of Horus in *Ta-Se.*"

This line completes the Fayoum Papyrus on the left. At the other end it was part of the Labyrinth Papyrus. The sterns of the boats are omitted from the Harris copy, with the following inscriptions:

"Ra it is who enters the Southern pool, *mer* of *ta-Se.*"

"The Palace of the sky."

"Going in the boat to the pool. . . ."

Mr. Hood most kindly allowed me not only to compare, revise, and complete my "Harris" copy of the Labyrinth Papyrus, but also to copy some other fragments. It is quite possible that there are parts of the papyrus some of whose fragments belong to Lord Amherst. A translation of Papyri Nos. 1 and 2 of Boulaq was given by M. Mariette in the *Revue Critique* (No. 12, March 23, 1872). Dr. Pleijte explained these papyri, together with the Harris copy of the Labyrinth Papyrus, under the title of *Over drie Handschriften op Papyrus, bekend onder de Titels van Papyrus du Lac Moeris, du Fayoum et du Labyrinthe* (Amsterdam, 1884).

Papyrus No. 1 was stolen about 1880 from the museum at Boulaq, and is now at Vienna (see my "Note sur trois cartes;" *Institut Eg.*, 3 Fev., 1892). Even if we may never see the dissevered fragments of this great monument of ancient Egyptian geography reunited, and in the Museum at Gizeh, at least I trust that an effort may be made to secure their union in a single publication.

The interest in the Fayoum is very great. It was far otherwise when I took Dr. Petrie to Hawara, and into the Wadi Raiyan in 1882; and even when Dr. Schweinfurth, in 1884, wrote to me: "Schnsuchtig erwarte ich Sie zur Aufsuchung des Labyrinths." Eleven thousand Fayoum papyri are catalogued in Vienna. Prof. Mahaffy has shown that he can rival Prof. Karabacek and his associates, whom none may hope to surpass. Major Brown's recent work, *The Fayoum and Lake Moeris*, is an admirable volume. The new map of the Egyptian Government (scale 1 : 100,000), and the mention of the subject by Lord Cromer in his reports, 1891 and 1892, show that this long neglected region is interesting from many points of view. Nothing is more remarkable than the total absence of cartographical and geographical literature for a thousand years, although the map of the gold mines to the east of Kenah is dated B.C. 1357.

Mr. Griffith is to be congratulated on his discovery, and Mr. Percy Newberry's publication will be awaited with anxious expectation; but I earnestly hope that he will seek to give us a complete edition of the whole treatise.

Cope Whitehouse.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mr. Percy E. Newberry, with a staff consisting of Mr. Percy Buckman (artist), Mr. John E. Newberry (architect), and Mr. Howard Carter (draughtsman), is leaving England this week for Upper Egypt to carry on the Archaeological Survey under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The great capital of Tel el-Amarna will be the main site of operations for the coming season. The work of Prof. Flinders Petrie during last winter elucidated many points relating to the city itself; but the numerous rock-cut tombs of courtiers of the heretic kings, with their abundant paintings and inscriptions, still await a thorough survey, and promise to throw much light on the official creed and mode of life in a remarkable epoch of Egyptian history.

A miniature portrait of the late Duke of Clarence has recently been painted for the Queen by Mr. H. Charles Heath, upon ivory, in a circle of only ⅝ of an inch in diameter; and, notwithstanding its minuteness, it is considered a very good likeness. To fully appreciate the delicacy of the work, it is necessary to use a magnifying glass of some power.

The exhibitions to open next week are—a collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. Walter Severn, at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond-street; a collection of pictures in oil by great painters of the early English school, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, also in New Bond-street; and a series of oil-paintings and water-colours, by Mr. Byron Cooper, illustrating "Tennyson's Country," at the gallery in Pall Mall of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., which has recently been redecorated and lighted by electricity.

A popular edition of the Letters of James Smetham, the artist, which attracted so much attention when they first appeared at the end of last year, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. before Christmas.

The Guild and School of Handicraft has issued *A Table of the Arts and Crafts of the Renaissance*, prepared by Mr. C. R. Ashbee for the recent summer meeting of University Extension students at Oxford.

M. L.-O. Merson—best known, perhaps, for his decorative designs in medieval style—has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts. Among the competitors were MM. Benjamin Constant and Carolus Duran.

Mr. F. Haverfield—whose address is now Christ Church, Oxford—has reprinted from the *Archaeological Journal* his second annual report on recent discoveries of Roman inscriptions in Britain, covering the period 1890-91 (Exeter: William Pollard). Reserving for the present the large number of military tombstones found in the city wall at Chester, he enumerates all the others that have come to his knowledge, according to the method of arrangement adopted in the *Corpus*; and of several he is able to supply facsimiles. He then discusses in detail: (1) the bronze tablet from Colchester, dedicated to Mars Medocius, god of the Campeses (?), which last word Prof. Rhys is disposed to connect with the Campsie Fells in Stirlingshire, finding also other Pictish indications in the inscription; (2) some opinions that have been expressed about the Chester inscriptions, where he concludes that the Ceangi or Deceangi worked lead mines near Flint; (3) a milestone of the usurping emperor Victorinus, whose name—in opposition to M. Cagnat—he supports in the form "Piavonius," not "Pius Avonius"; (4) the altar at Binchester dedicated to the Matres Ollototae, which he has treated more at length in *Archaeologia Aeliana*; (5) a bronze *patera*, found at Barochan in Renfrewshire, with a stamp on its handle which (on comparison with other similar stamps) seems to indicate that it was made at Herculaneum by a firm of coppersmiths named Cipius. We may also mention a very interesting silver *patera* now in the Louvre, which bears the mysterious label "trouvée près de Douvres, dans une propriété appelée Caspet, située aux environs d'Hastings." Where is Caspet?

THE STAGE.

Thursday night was appointed for the reappearance of Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion, along with Miss Mary Moore and Miss Winifred Emery, in the revival of Mr. Isaac Henderson's noteworthy play of "The Silent Battle," which, under its first title of "Agatha," we criticised on its production in the summer.

Mr. Fred Leslie—perhaps the one actor of genius and indisputable charm who adorned that burlesque stage whereon Mr. Hollingshead's "sacred lamp" ever burns—has succumbed, as we regret to record, to an attack of typhoid fever. Mr. Leslie had not of late years been seen quite as much on the London stage as we should like him to have been. Since there has been a double company at the Gaiety, he has spent at least half his time in provincial and American and Australasian journeys; and indeed at no period of his Gaiety engagement has he been employed as much to our delight as in those now far-away days — the first days of the Comedy Theatre, were they not? — when he played the principal part in the "Rip Van Winkle" of Planquette. That piece was hardly a burlesque, though the burlesque element came into the *opéra comique*; it was hardly indeed *opéra comique*, so much was there in it that was serious and beautiful as well as light and gay. In it, and in all the sides of it, Leslie was inimitable. Nobody who remembers his grace and his tenderness will think of him simply as the imitator or exaggerator of Jefferson. Nobody who heard him sing, first in the full round voice, then later in the cracked and old one, the melodious and pathetic song, to his child—

> "This little head now golden,
> Silvered one day must be—"

will readily forget the impression that he made. His performance—like that of Mr. Chevalier at the music halls—was of the utmost delicacy of insight and observation, and full of sympathetic charm. Beside him Mr. Lonnen remains wonderfully clever, and Mr. Roberts still shows himself (as Mr. Edward Yates says, practically,

in his *moi-même* this week), a privileged and fortunate and very gifted buffoon. But on the burlesque stage we want artists: we have very few of them; and Fred Leslie was one of the few.

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Raff's "Lenore" Symphony was performed at Mr. Henschel's third concert last week. The first two movements rank among the composer's highest achievements, and the "death-ride" is a striking piece of programme-music. Yet it certainly fails of its aim, for nowhere does it really inspire terror. The cleverness of the workmanship is felt throughout; but it seems to lack the spark of genius which, in Berlioz's best tone-pictures, always fuses the real with the ideal. Mr. Henschel conducted exceedingly well, both in this work and in the Meistersinger Overture. Miss Evangeline Florence gave a simple artistic rendering of Elsa's "Gesang an die Lüfte."

Monday was the anniversary of Mozart's death, and that may have been the reason why his Clarionet Quintet was selected as the opening piece at last Monday's Popular Concert. Of all Mozart's chamber music this is one of the most beautiful, and, therefore, one of the most attractive. The performance, with Lady Hallé as leader and Herr Mühlfeld as clarinettist, was admirable. M. Paderewski gave an interesting rendering of Chopin's Sonata in B minor (Op. 58). This is not one of the composer's most inspired works; and yet it is a favourite with great pianists, probably on account of the showy writing. The Adagio displays Chopin's strength and also his weakness. The thematic material is full of grace and melancholy beauty, but it is not developed so as to sustain the interest to the end of the movement: one almost wearies of its charm. M. Paderewski interprets the music with feeling and passion. At times, he passed from sentiment to sentimentality, and in the Finale the passion was too violent. He is fond of strong contrasts; and hence his *fortes* are sometimes too noisy, and his *pianos* artificial. His use, or rather misuse, of the soft pedal is specially marked. M. Paderewski is undoubtedly a pianist of the first rank, and it is for this very reason that one does not like to see him adopt measures which savour of self-consciousness rather than absorption. He took part afterwards in Beethoven's Trio in B flat (Op. 97). The playing was refined, but lacked the proper breadth and nobility.

On the following afternoon M. Paderewski gave a Recital at St. James's Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The first piece was Handel's dignified Suite in D minor. The Suites of this composer are unduly neglected by pianists, and those of Bach, too, have not been honoured as they deserve. A Suite by either composer would always be preferable to those skilful, but (so far as the listener is concerned) uninteresting, transcriptions of Bach's organ Fugues by Liszt and Tausig. It is easy to understand why pianists like them, for they present great difficulties to overcome. But while occupied in playing with hands alone what Bach intended for both hands and feet, they forget that the instrument on which they are performing gives about as little idea of organ tone and its colour contrasts as a Symphony on the pianoforte gives of the full orchestral score. These things are well enough for educational purposes at school or at home, but not in the concert-room. Our comments are suggested by M. Paderewski's second piece—a transcription of Bach's grand organ Fugue in A minor. He afterwards gave an interesting reading of Weber's romantic Sonata in A flat. There was much to admire in the performance—the delicacy and finish with which some of the passages were played in the opening movement, the brilliant rendering of the Scherzo, and the refinement displayed in the pathetic and dramatic Andante; but there was not always sufficient warmth of tone or fervent feeling. A pianoforte recital without Chopin would not seem complete, though the prominence given to that composer often proves a failure, for so few pianists are able to interpret this music. Of those few, M. Paderewski is one, although we did not admire his playing of the Coda of the Barcarolle. And in the A flat Valse (Op. 34), why did he treat the part for the left hand in the Coda as if it were only accompaniment? His performance of the Etudes in B minor and C minor from Op. 25, two numbers as characteristic as they are difficult, was full of vigour. His admirable rendering of the Mazurka in C (Op. 56, No 2) also deserves mention.

J. S. Shedlock.

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